



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE B.B.C.

Vol. 1. No. 3.

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EVERY FRIDAY.

Two Pence.

OFFICIAL PROGRAMMES OF THE BRITISH BROADCASTING COMPANY.

*For the Week Commencing
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14th.*

LONDON	CARDIFF
BIRMINGHAM	NEWCASTLE
MANCHESTER	GLASGOW

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WHAT'S IN THE AIR?

By J. C. W. REITH, General Manager of the B.B.C.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, when a child, told his nurse one morning that he "dreamed of a noise of pens writing." I can imagine what it was like. This new responsibility obsesses me. It is a line of country to which I am unaccustomed. It has put a new measure on the passage of time. Scarcely in last week's column evolved than I receive a summary intimation that another is due.

I wonder if the broadcasting of Sir Ernest Rutherford's address throughout the country has quickened general interest in the complexities of the structure of matter. One knows that the profundity of the problem has been introduced to many for the first time.

There was some criticism of the "inflation" to which listeners were subjected. Well, of course, the uninterested can always switch off, but on the whole I believe we were justified in bringing you the direct and latest word on a subject of such universal interest. This apart from the technical achievements which made the simultaneous broadcast possible.

There is more interest in scientific investigation to-day than formerly. Time was when such abstruse subjects were treated with indifference or even indulgent contempt by the generality of folk. Too academic and impractical!

The rules of navigation developed from the abstract scientific investigations of a thousand years. Centuries of thought preceded the fall of Newton's apple. Compared with that the theory or academic fact of to-day is apt to develop into a universal practicality with startling suddenness. Revelations are not confined to politics.

"Intellectual rambles in the universe" are, like personally conducted tours, becoming popular.

The applications of etheric vibrations are illimitable and staggering. Even in broadcasting we have our hand on a mighty instrument. The developments are at present only for conjecture.

We are full of ideas—excuse my saying so! Perhaps I should have put it another way. We are not asleep. I am sure that most of you know that many things we wanted to do, we have not so far been able to do, for a variety of reasons—financial perhaps, "political" perhaps.

That paragraph must not be taken as alarmist. Some folk, I believe, think we are a little too much alive! In some quarters we're regarded with a certain amount of uneasy suspicion. I do not think there is any occasion for it. Some interests are not yet quite used to us. They know, however, that we want to live peacefully with all men. I think they will also find that our activities will not in any way interfere with theirs.

We have an interesting, varied, and voluminous mail at Savoy Hill, on the programme work especially. The great proportion of comment is appreciative—often glowingly so. We also receive a great amount of advice, constructive and kindly. Exceedingly welcome, too. We depend on it and can never have enough of it.

Occasionally, however, one doubts whether the correspondent can have the faintest idea of what is involved in our work. The absolute catholicity of taste and requirement is sometimes entirely ignored. Apparently some people think the programmes should be modelled on individual desire.

(Continued Overleaf in column 3.)

The Romance of the "Old Vic."

Wonderful Record of an Historic Theatre: By Lilian Baylis.

[Miss Lilian Baylis, who has perhaps done more than any other living person to encourage and foster Shakespearian drama, has been manager of the Old Vic for a quarter of a century.]



Photo: Charles Harris
Miss LILIAN BAYLIS
(who gained fame as the
"Old Vic.")

It is a sign of the times that the Old Vic should be affected by what I might call the "wireless era" and, as has already been announced, excerpts from the performances will, in the future, be broadcast from the theatre from time to time.

This arrangement is a happy one, but what lends considerably more interest to the venture is the fact

that the new regime practically coincides with what will be a memorable occasion in the remarkable history of the ancient theatre.

The provisional date for the first broadcast performance is October 28th, and a fortnight later, on November 7th, the Old Vic celebrates the tercentenary of the publication of Shakespeare's first folio and the performance at the theatre, since 1914, of the thirty-six plays contained in that historic volume. This constitutes a Shakespearian record unapproached by any other theatre in the world.

Early History.

The founder of the Old Vic was a woman, Emma Cons, who acquired the freehold through public subscription to provide a place of healthy recreation.

Before she turned her attention to the institution it was a place of bad repute. The Royal Coburg—or, as it had later been rechristened, the Royal Victoria—had in its time been a disfigured and respectable place of fashion and it advertised in its playbills such names as Kean, Phelps, and Macready. With the coming of evil days, however, it had developed into a home of melodrama of the most lurid description. In time the place became notorious throughout London for its rowdiness, which was, by the way, strongly denounced by both Dickens and Kingsley, who once described it as "a hotbed of crime."

One of the reasons which actuated Miss Cons in her decision was to protect from the theatre's evil influence the tenants of a block of workmen's houses which she had, with the financial assistance of her many rich friends, erected near by. Miss Cons was a reformer whose chief interest was the struggling masses, for whose welfare she worked unparagonably. How self-sacrificing she was is evidenced by the fact that when the block of dwellings was being erected she herself resided in a workman's cottage so that she could see that everything was done to her satisfaction.

A Great Ideal.

A woman of strong force of character, Miss Cons was the first member of her sex to be co-opted on the London County Council. That no difficulty seemed insurmountable to her is shown by her attitude in attempting to transform the Royal Coburg. It was a task which would have dismayed even the stoutest heart. But Emma Cons was full of confidence, and even when friends said she was attempting the impossible she refused to believe them. This remarkable woman succeeded in her great enterprise. With almost one sweep, she cleared away the taint from the old building and gradu-

ally in its place began to substitute good, wholesome fare. If she had not succeeded, in all probability there would have been no Old Vic in the Waterloo Road to-day. As it is, the theatre and the ideal of its promoter are, perhaps, more firmly established than ever before.

The type of entertainment presented has gradually progressed through the years from variety—imagine variety at the Old Vic!—ballad and symphony concerts to operatic tableaux (the existing licence at the time prohibited the entire performance of opera); from this to the entire opera and then in 1914 to the great adventure of Shakespearian repertory. And now the latest chapter of the theatre's glorious history will be marked by the completion of the cycle of plays.

Struggles to Survive.

The theatre is not wholly devoted to Shakespeare, as opera in English is given on Thursday and Saturday nights and alternate Saturday afternoons, while Nativity plays, Everyman, Eighteenth-century comedies, and the works of modern dramatists are also occasionally presented.

In the course of its career, the Old Vic has had many struggles to survive and on not a few occasions in the early days of Shakespeare has played to £5 "houses."

In 1916 came a severe blow. The London County Council ordered certain alterations and extensions at the rear of the stage.

To carry out these alterations a large sum was required. If this was not forthcoming it seemed inevitable that the theatre was doomed. An appeal was made and over £8,000 was subscribed by patrons. Then, last year, Sir George Dance came forward with £30,000 and the financial difficulties were solved.

WIRELESS S.O.S.

"2LO," whose energies are tireless,
Has a heart that feels;
But this is what it would be like if "wireless"
Broadcast all appeals.

Mrs. Jones is melancholy;
She has lost her brand new "brolly"—
Silver mounted, silk affair—
Have you seen it anywhere?

Johnny Jones's parents fear
He has somehow gone astray.
They have missed the little dear
Since he toddled out to play
Nearly half an hour ago.

If you find him let us know.

Miss Amelia Smith's young man
Vowed to meet her sharp at eight,
And she cannot think what can
Have occurred to keep him late.
Will the miss whom he is with
Kindly notify Miss Smith?

LATER.

Mrs. Brown's umbrella's found,
Fortunately, safe and sound;
It appears that after all
She had left it in the hall.

Johnny Jones is quite all right,
Though mamma had such a fright;
He was found inspecting shops
For the sale of lollipops.

Miss Amelia begs to say
That her "boy" is on his way,
Having been detained in town,
2LO now closing down!

—O. E. B., in the London "Evening News."

What's in the Air?

(Continued from the previous page.)

At intervals also we have a real wild letter! It is generally anonymous and unstamped. Interesting, though.

At times I think criticisms are not very well informed. They sometimes appear to have been written some months earlier than they were printed or dispatched.

I read an article recently entitled:—"If I were General Manager of the B.B.C." I think I agree with everything the writer said. So far as I remember it was all exactly what I had in mind, and was hoping to do.

Don't misunderstand me. We are delighted to have all the constructive, understanding criticism you can give us, no matter how drastic. It is the quickest way to satisfaction.

The Wagnerian night on October 22nd will appeal to those who enjoyed the recent opera season. Mr. Aylmer Bueset, of the B.N.O.C., will conduct the London Wireless Orchestra, specially augmented.

On Thursday, October 25th, a portion of "Faust" as played at the Old Vic will be broadcast. It will be another technical experiment as, in place of the usual headlines, the music will be wirelessed to the London Station from the other side of the river.

In future the following will be broadcast simultaneously: Mr. John Strachey's causerie on books every Monday; Mr. Archibald Hadden's dramatic talk on Wednesdays; the discussion on music by Mr. Percy Scholes on Thursdays; and on Fridays the film criticisms by Mr. G. A. Atkinson. Provincial listeners who have enjoyed these "on the spot" talks from London will appreciate hearing the actual voices of their originators.

People who are familiar with the voice and personality of "Aunt Sophie" at 2LO will be interested to hear her at the piano on October 29th, when Rachmanninoff's Concerto for piano and orchestra is to be given in the course of a symphony concert.

I am looking forward to hearing "Macbeth" on the 18th. I have always thought it one of Shakespeare's finest plays, and Mr. Norman V. Norman and Miss Beatrice Wilson should prove ideal as wireless Shakespeare players. They are, of course, very popular on the legitimate stage. Playing with them will be Mr. J. H. Barnes, who tells us that he has been fifty years on the stage. You wouldn't guess it from his voice.

But if Lady Macbeth is to be invisible as well as her dagger—well, the point will take some looking for.

We had a very interesting letter from a Russian enthusiast the other day. This experimenter heard 2LO and 5NO on a steamer in the Baltic (lat. 55.02 N. 13.30 E.) on the 10th September. On the 11th, one day's journey further, which brought the steamer into the Gulf of Finland, about 20 m. N. of Reval, our Russian correspondent heard the tests made by engineers in Liverpool—more than 1,000 miles away—before the British Association speech by Sir Ernest Rutherford. He recounted much of the "back chat" which took place on this occasion, which certainly established authenticity. And all this on a crystal set!

A RECENT TALK BROADCAST FROM LONDON.

Do We Inherit Our Habits?

By Prof. E. W. MACBRIDE, F.R.S., LL.D., D.Sc.

THE effect on the body of a persistent habit is called an "acquired character." The question is: Do we inherit such habits from our ancestors? The great brawny arm of the blacksmith is an acquired character, and so is the deep expanded chest of the professional singer. Now, everyone knows that babies are not born with brawny arms or expanded chests; therefore the only sense in which it could be said that such bodily features are inherited would be, that the children of blacksmiths more quickly obtained huge development of the arm muscles than other people, and that the singer's children found it easy to acquire chest expansion.

Whether this really is so or not is a much disputed question.

Nowadays education is considered to be the best means of improving the condition of the submerged tenth of our population, and it would be a disheartening conclusion to have to come to that the training of one generation had no effect whatever on the capacity of the next, and that all the work would have to be done over again from the very bottom with every new crop of men.

Now, a question of this kind cannot be settled by observations on men and women. There are so many disturbing factors which enter into the calculation. A man may have a brilliant father, but at the same time he may also have a very stupid mother. A man may have brilliant gifts, but, owing to lack of opportunity, these may never have been cultivated.

A Royal Experiment.

It is related of James the First that he put two young children in the charge of a deaf and dumb woman and sent the party to an inlet where they were periodically supplied with food, but where no one but themselves lived, so that the children grew up with no one to teach them how to speak. The object of the experiment was to discover the primitive language of mankind, and it is stated that after a residence of some years on the inlet the children spoke very good Hebrew!

In the good old days a monarch claiming his position by divine right might allow himself to try experiments with human beings, but nowadays we are not allowed to experiment with our fellow men. If, therefore, this all-important question is to be settled, it must be by other means.

About fifty years ago a German professor called Weismann took up this question. He had large numbers of white mice and he cut off their tails as soon as they were born and raised litters from these mutilated specimens in order to see whether the offspring would be born without tails. When he

found that generation after generation of baby mice came into the world fully provided with tails, he came to the conclusion that acquired characters could not be inherited. This conclusion he stated in a very dogmatic way; it came to be widely accepted, and soon grew into a recognized tenet of biological teaching. It may be pointed out, however, that the experiment was not well adapted to settle the question; for to lose a tail is certainly not to acquire a new habit.

Records of Evolution.

About thirty years ago, when the fossiliferous rocks of America began to be thoroughly searched, most wonderful successions of animal life were found in them, and it seemed quite clear that we were dealing with the records of evolution; the animals whose remains were preserved in one stratum were just a little different from those whose remains were found in the stratum immediately below; and the animals found in the stratum next above were also slightly different, and these differences were all steps in the same direction.

A distinguished American naturalist, named Cope, pointed out that the changes in the structure of the fossil animals were just such as we would expect if they had been caused by progressive changes in habits as the surroundings of the animals changed. Thus the early horses had teeth studded with pointed cusps—like the teeth of pigs, and fed like pigs on soft juicy plants.

But as time went on and the climate became drier, the juicy plants were replaced by harsh



Prof. E. W. MACBRIDE.
Photo: Elliott & Fry.

dry grasses, which were more difficult to chew and the cusps on the teeth became gradually connected by cross walls, so as to give rise to the complicated pattern seen on the grinding teeth of a horse to-day. Cope concluded that in this case we had an instance of acquired characters being inherited.

In the twentieth century, however, a new set of experiments has been carried out in the University of Vienna by a professor named Dr. August Kammerer, and these seem to me to have led to a definite answer to the question. The simplest of them had for its subject the black and yellow salamander which is common throughout Europe. This animal is like a large newt, but, unlike the newt, it does not lay eggs, but its young are born alive; they come into the world as little four-footed beasts provided with long feathery gills attached to their necks. They live in the water for six months and then their gills drop off and they come on dry land.

The Changing Salamanders.

Kammerer chose almost black specimens, and kept them in cages the walls of which were painted yellow, whilst the floors were covered with yellow earth. In these cages they lived for four years until they were fully grown. As they grew older, the yellow patches on their skins increased in number and size, till when the animals were fully grown, these patches united to form two bands of yellow running down the back. When two such animals produced a brood of young, these young were divided into two equal lots and one lot were reared to maturity in the same kind of cages as those in which their parents had lived, whilst the other lot grew in cages with black walls and floors covered with black garden earth. Both lots from birth were yellower than their parents had been at the corresponding age, and in both the yellow spots increased in size and number during the first six months.

Then, however, those in the yellow cages go on increasing in yellowness—till, when adult, little or no black is visible on the upper side of the animal; whereas, in the case of those kept in black cages, the yellow spots become sprinkled with minute black dots which increase more and more till the yellow patches look dusty, and at the same time they diminish in size. The young produced by two such blackened specimens, if reared to maturity in black cages, become almost entirely black, the yellow spots disappear completely.

If these young are reared in yellow cages they grow into a peculiar form very unlike any found wild—characterized by the presence of a single stripe of yellow down the back.



HIS LOUD SPEAKER.

THE EFFECT OF THE WIRELESS DANCE ORCHESTRA ON THE LAUNDRY.

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LISTEN—AND LAUGH! STORIES TOLD BY WIRELESS.

HE WON.

"WILLIAM," said Mrs. Wrangle sternly, "did you ever stop to think that someone might run off with me when you are away from home?"

"Well," answered little Mr. Wrangle, thoughtfully, "I was a little alarmed when a horse thief was prowling about these parts last week."

Mrs. Wrangle stiffened up laughily. "A horse thief, did you say, William?"

"Yes, my dear. I heard he carried off two or three nags from this district."

CONDENSED.

FARMER and mother were discussing the costumes they were to wear at a fancy dress ball. Joan, aged seven, was an interested listener.

"Mother, can I go as a milkmaid?" she said.

"No, dear. You are too small."

"But, mamma," pleaded Joan, "I could go as a condensed milkmaid."

THE FUNNY SIDE OF WIRELESS.

WHAT is the most amusing thing concerning wireless that has happened to you since you became a listener?

What is the best joke about wireless you have ever heard?

We wish to publish readers' accounts of laughable incidents and humorous remarks connected with wireless and listening, and payment will be made for all contributions that are published.

Write briefly, on postcards, to "Wireless Fun," *The Radio Times*, 5-11, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

SO SUDDEN.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the pretty girl impatiently. "We'll be sure to miss the first act. We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, you should say!" he replied, rather tartly.

"Ours?" she cried, joyfully. "Oh, George, this is so sudden!"

A MATHEMATICIAN.

"Two and two never make more than four," declared a politician at a meeting.

"Yes, they do!" exclaimed a man in the audience.

"Perhaps our good friend will kindly tell us when two and two make more than four," blandly said the speaker.

Whereupon the man replied, "When they're side by side; then they make twenty-two, don't they?"

A GENTLE HINT.

"PHYSICAL culture, father, is perfectly lovely!" exclaimed an enthusiastic young girl just home from college. "Look! To develop the arms I grasp this rod in both hands and move it slowly from right to left."

"Well, well," replied dad, admiringly, "what won't science discover next? Why, if that rod had straw on the other end, you'd be sweeping."

THE RETORT SARCASTIC.

ON one occasion the Mean Man was leaving an hotel after a prolonged stay. He gave the porter half a crown, grumbling all the time. "When I was in Paris," he said, "I paid out nearly half a sovereign in tips alone."

The waiter looked interested.

"How many years were you there, sir?" he asked.

THEN THERE WAS TROUBLE.

THE child went to his mother in tears.

"Oh, mama," he confessed, "I broke a tile in the hearth."

"Never mind, dear," the mother said.

"But how ever did you come to do it?"

"I was banging it with father's watch!"

AN HONEST MAN.

AN old countryman on holiday at the seaside entered a tea-shop, and took a seat at a table.

"Aw'll hev a couple o' eggs miss, please," he said to the waitress.

"Poached, sir?" she inquired.

"No," he replied in aggrieved tones, "if aw corn't hev 'em 'onest, aw wean't hev onny at all!"

HIS VOCATION.

THE visitor remarked affably to the man of the house—

"Your family is wonderfully talented. One son plays the cornet, two daughters play the piano and the guitar, and your wife plays the banjo, and the other children play ukuleles. As the father of such musical geniuses, you must be something yourself, aren't you?"

"Yes," was the answer, "I am a pessimist."

WIRELESS WISDOM: TIT-BITS FROM THE TALKS.

"I CANNOT read the ordinary stuff that is written about psycho-analysis . . . without feeling that the accommodation for lunatics in this country is miserably insufficient."—G. A. ATKINSON.

"THERE is nothing so self-revealing as the face of a man absorbed in watching a fight."—MAJOR L. R. TOSWILL, O.B.E., M.R.C.S., etc.

"SINCERITY and simplicity are fundamental aspects in any form of art."—G. A. ATKINSON.

"ONE of the most unpalatable things is to learn from other people's experience."—REV. R. C. GILLIE, M.A., D.C.L.

"WE love telling other people exactly what we think about them regardless of what they think about us."—REV. F. N. L. FORD.

"Do not lose heart if you make mistakes, but rather use the mistakes as a basis for improvement."—CYRIL HARRING.

"IN Paris one can stay and amuse oneself all night, if one wishes to be so foolish."—LADY DUFF GORDON.

"ADVERTISING is educational because it continually creates the desire for something better."—ANDREW SPILLER.

"THE skilful woman suffers little by agreeing to obey, seeing that, as a rule, she can tell her husband what to command."—JAMES WARD.

"THE position that wives should obey in the home now that they can frame laws for the State is . . . ludicrous."—JAMES WARD.

Voting Competition.

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PRIZES OF £2, £1, and 10s. WILL BE AWARDED TO "LISTENERS" OF EACH BROADCASTING STATION.

HOW TO WIN.

Write the name of your Broadcasting Station on the Coupon below, and then fill in the six items from the programme for the week ending Saturday, October 20th, which you consider best, placing them in their order of merit. Add your name and address and post to "Wireless" Competition No. 3, "Radio Times," 12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.2. Put the name of your Broadcasting Station in top left-hand corner of the envelope.

Entries must reach us not later than Tuesday, October 23rd.

The order of merit will be determined upon the votes for first place, and the prizes will be awarded to the Competitors who place, on one Coupon, the greatest number of items in their correct positions as decided by the voting.

RULES.

- 1.—Competitors may send in as many attempts as they wish, but a separate Coupon must be used for each one.
- 2.—The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any Competitor for reasons which he considers good and sufficient, and the Editor's decision with regard to all questions relating to the Competition will be absolutely final and legally binding. Competitors can only enter on this distinct understanding.
- 3.—The Editor will not be responsible for any Coupon lost, delayed, or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.
- 4.—Letters must not be enclosed with Coupons and no correspondence can be entered into in connection with this Competition.

The result of this Competition will appear in *The Radio Times*.

(3)

COUPON.

Station _____

I consider the most popular six items broadcast from the above station during the week ending Saturday, October 20th, as follows:

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____

I agree to abide by the Editor's decision in final and binding.

Name _____

Address _____

PEOPLE IN THE PROGRAMMES—GOSSIP ABOUT ARTISTES & OTHERS.

A Famous Explorer.



Dr. Nansen.
Photo, Bristol.

DR. NANSEN, the celebrated explorer, is to speak from London Station on "The Plight of Europe," and his speech will be broadcast to all stations.

Besides exploring, Dr. Nansen has engaged in many activities and has earned fame in all of them. At one time he was Norwegian Minister in London, and for his relief work during the war

he has been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for 1922-23.

Arctic Hardships.

FEW living men have been through so many hardships as has Dr. Nansen while exploring in Arctic regions. "I kept non Christmas," he tells us, "by washing in a quarter of a cup of warm water, using a discarded garment as a towel, and feasting on powdered fish and maize meal, with train-oil in place of butter, and a dessert of bread fried in oil."

A London Musician.

MISS BESSIE RAWLINS, the popular violinist, may truly be said to be a London musician, for there she was born, and there she has since lived and played. At the early age of six she appeared on a public platform, already astonishing her audience with the agile movement of her tiny fingers on the violin; but she was wisely prevented from developing into a prodigy by teachers who at once recognized her exceptional talents, and preferred to reserve them for later and more solid successes.



Miss Bessie Rawlins.

Her Original Outlook.

THE next decade or so was spent in natural growth and study. The great war raged in its later years and rendered impracticable the intention to journey abroad to study under some of the famous foreign violinists, but this stimulated her all the more to depend on her own direct and original outlook rather than being overwhipped by the more conventional manner of assimilating musical and technical traditions.

Soon she took on the leadership of the now well-known Merdell Piano-forte Quartet, and during its foreign tours was acclaimed by the peoples of many lands as heralding the return of English musicians to the pre-eminence they had enjoyed in the old days.

The Millionth Chance.

MR. HAROLD CASEY, the popular Uncle Pat of the Birmingham Station, was checking his petty cash. He counted out the coins with his customary care, but in dealing with the coppers, he promptly came to a standstill, with a quiet but emphatic exclamation that he was "blowed" or something faintly stronger!

When asked what was the matter, he held up a penny on which was punched the name "P. Kinsella."

"Pencey coming across that again," he said in amazement. "I remember this penny being

inscribed as well as if it were yesterday. It was in the trenches at Boiry St. Martin. The Irish Guards were holding the salient there, and to while away the weary hours all sorts of things were done. One fellow, Pat Kinsella, was laboriously engaged in inscribing his name on a penny. First he scratched it with a penknife, and then indented it deeper with a nail point and held it up for general inspection—and here it is!"

Naturally, Mr. Casey will keep that penny as a very great curiosity.

Thank You, B.B.C.!

AN interesting experience is related by Mr. Herman McLeod, the well-known musician, who broadcasts from Newcastle Station.

"During the war," he says, "while training at one of the infantry base depôts in France, I chummed up with a signaller of another battalion, and together we contrived to make life in a training camp not only endurable, but actually enjoyable. At last, my friend was sent up to his battalion and I to mine."

"Afterwards, I heard that he had been killed. However, I received a visit from him a few days ago—thanks entirely to the B.B.C.! Being very much alive and interested in wireless experiments, he was listening about two hundred miles away when he heard the station director announce my name. Until then he had been under the impression that I had been wiped out by a bomb."

"Passing through Newcastle a little later, he got my address and came to see me. It was a very pleasant re-union, and something to thank the B.B.C. for very heartily."

A Shoe-Shop Comedy.

MADAM ALICE VAUGHAN, one of the Birmingham Station repertory contralto soloists, had an amusing experience a day or two ago. She came into town to purchase a pair of shoes, but first wished to cash a cheque at the bank. On arriving there, she found that the clock was against her, and she could not get any money. However, she was determined to get the shoes, and tried a well-known shop and asked for a pair, explaining that she would be obliged to pay by cheque. To her astonishment this was met by polite refusal, but astonishment gave way to annoyance when this procedure was repeated at three or four other shops. By this time Madam Vaughan was feeling more determined than ever to get her shoes, and accordingly went into a shop quite close to the 5IT Studio.

She explained her position, and suggested that the assistant should ring up the studio and ask for Mr. Edgar to vouch for her authenticity. The assistant departed, looking very doubtful, but returned looking more so.

"Mr. Edgar is not there," said he.

"Oh, well, ask for Mr. Joseph Lewis, the Musical Director; he will vouch for you."

All's Well That Ends Well.

AGAIN the assistant departed, and once more returned, this time looking suspicious.

"There is no Mr. Lewis there!" said he, gruffly. In sheer desperation the singer broke out: "Will you please ask them, then, if there is anyone there who knows Alice Vaughan, and whether her cheque is good enough for a pair of shoes?"

Once more the assistant departed, to return in a few minutes all smiles and apologies. So did Madam Vaughan get her shoes, showing them later at 5IT and relating her experiences amid much laughter.

Kiddies' Music Pictures.



Miss Hilda Dederich.

A GREAT treat is in store for the children, for Miss Hilda Dederich, one of the B.B.C.'s leading pianists, is to give fortnightly "Music Pictures" to the little ones from London Station, with stories told by Uncle Humpty Dumpty. As Auntie Hilda, Miss Dederich is certain to become a very great favourite.

Miss Dederich was a pupil of Professor Matthay, and she was only eight years old when she first appeared at the Wigmore Hall. In 1919 she gained the Royal Academy's highest award for pianoforte. Two years later, she travelled with Mr. Albert Coates and the London Symphony Orchestra on a prolonged tour, playing also at Queen's Hall and giving numerous recitals in London and the provinces.

"Mackenzie!"

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, principal of the Royal Academy of Music, is conducting personally at the London Station on October 18th. (Miss Hilda Dederich, by the way, is to play Sir Alexander's "Scottish" concerto on this occasion.)

Sir Alexander once had a very amusing experience while he was travelling in Canada.

"We pulled up at a small wayside station," he says, "and the conductor came along to tell us that a delay of about eight hours was inevitable, as there had been damage further down the line which would take at least that time to repair."

"Eight hours in this hole of a place!" I exclaimed in consternation. "Away from all civilization! I shall hate the very name of it ever afterwards! By the way, I added, 'what is its name?' And I put my head out of the carriage window."

"There, was the name of the despoiled station confronting me. 'It was 'Mackenzie'!"

A Wonderful Repertoire.



Mr. John Perry.

LISTENERS will have a real treat in the second week of this month, for Mr. John Perry is to broadcast the part of Romeo for the London Station.

Mr. Perry has one of the most extensive repertoires of any public singer. He knows all Wagner's works, and most of the other standard operas and oratorios. As befitting "a son of the manse,"

Mr. Perry started his musical career by singing at Lisnall Cathedral. Later, he sang at the cathedrals at Wells and Exeter, and shortly before the war broke out, in 1914, he went for a tour in South Africa. While on his way home from Cape Town in the *Gallies* he was captured by the German vessel the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*.

Although this was an exciting experience while it lasted, Mr. Perry was safely released later on, and he "did his bit" in the war as a member of the Artists' Rifles.

Some idea of Mr. Perry's wonderful repertoire may be gained from the fact that while he was a member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company he sang no fewer than twenty-seven tenor rôles.

WIRELESS PROGRAMME—SUNDAY (Oct. 14th.)

The letters "S. B." printed in italics in these Programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

LONDON.

(WAVE-LENGTH—385 METRES.)

3.0-5.0.—RECITAL ON THE STEINWAY. WELTE REPRODUCING ORGAN AT THE STEINWAY HALL, LONDON.

7.0.—THE ORGAN: *Lehegrin*, Prelude to Act III. and Bridal Chorus (*Wagner-Lemore*), as played by Lemore; Arcadian Idyll, "Serenade, Musette, Solitude," Op. 82 (*Lemore*), as played by the Composer; Sonata in F minor, Op. 65, No. 1. (*Mendelssohn*), as played by Lemore. MISS GWEN GODFREY, Soprano: "A Birthday" (*Frederic H. Cowen*); "A Silhouette" (*Ellen Tuckfield*); "Dawn Days" (*Melville Gideon*). MISS CONSTANCE IZARD, Solo Violin: "Chaconne" (*Bach*); "Viennese Folk Song" (*Wagner*). THE ORGAN: Aria, "He Shall Feed His Flock" (*Handel*), as played by Prof. Nator; "Wedding Song," Op. 164, No. 2 (*Faullstich*), as played by the Composer; Arndt's "Ave Maria" (*Lied*), as played by Prof. Nator; Evening Song (*Schumann-Gutmann*), as played by Hindermann; Improvisation, introducing Harp and Bell Effects (*Lemore*), as played by the Composer. MISS GWEN GODFREY, Soprano: "Fairy Shopping" (*Maud Crake Day*); "I Love the Moon" (*Paul Rubens*); "A Wee Bit Shy" (*Noel Johnson*). MISS CONSTANCE IZARD, Solo Violin: "La Chanson" (*Corfior*); "Leopold" (*Wienerski*). THE ORGAN: "Christmas Song" Op. 82 (*Lemore*), as played by the Composer; "Pâtes Héroïques," No. 3 (*Camille Franck*), as played by Hindermann; Scherzo in F major (*Hofmann*), as played by Lemore; Tannhäuser Overture (*Wagner* for reproduction by M. Welte).

ANNOUNCER: G. C. BEADLE.

SUNDAY EVENING.

8.30.—BAND OF HIS MAJESTY'S IRISH GUARDS. (By Permission of Colonel H. C. A. McCalmont, D.S.O., Director of Music, Lieut. Charles H. Russell, Overture, "Light Cavalry" (*Suppé*); Selection of Excerpts from the Works of *Grig*. MR. EDWARD ISAACS, Solo Pianoforte: Prelude and Fugue in G minor, No. 19 of the "48" (*Bach*); Harpsichord Sonata in B flat (*Scarlatti*); Two "Etudes": (1) *Réverie*; (2) Study in Double Notes (*Edward Linnce*). BAND OF H.M. IRISH GUARDS: Andantino (*Lemore*).

9.0.—THE VERY REV. JOSEPH GOUGH McCORMICK, M.A., DEAN OF MANCHESTER. BAND OF H.M. IRISH GUARDS: Hymn, "Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow"; Overture Symphonique, "Robespierre" (*Litolff*), with explanatory notes by Lieut. C. H. Russell; Flute Solo, "Bonds à la Tarantelle" (*De Jong*), soloist, SERGT. UNDERHILL (First Performance); Selection, "The Damnation of Faust" (*Berlioz*). MR. EDWARD ISAACS, Solo Pianoforte: "Réverie in F" (*Balakirev*); "Scènes de Ballet" (*Brown*). BAND OF H.M. IRISH GUARDS: Cornet Solo, "I Know of Two Bright Eyes" (*Clusman*); Soloist, CORPORAL PETER WILSON.

10.0.—TIME SIGNAL. GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST TO ALL STATIONS, followed by London News and Weather Report. BAND OF H.M. IRISH GUARDS: Selection, "High Jinks" (*Clark*); "Serenade d'Amour" (*Von Blom*), Characteristic Piece with Whistling Obligato; Pot-Pourri, "A Musical Jig-saw" (*Aden*); "The Irish Patrol" (*Le Thétre*).

10.30.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: A. R. BURROWS.

BIRMINGHAM.

(WAVE-LENGTH—420 METRES.)

3.0-5.0.—ORGAN RECITAL FROM THE STEINWAY HALL, LONDON: S.B. from London. (SEE LONDON PROGRAMME.)

8.30.—PERFORMANCE OF THE "HYMN OF PRAISE" BY MENDELSSOHN: S.B. from Newcastle Station. (SEE NEWCASTLE PROGRAMME.)

9.45.—REV. R. M. GIBSON, of St. Germain: Address. Hymn, "Jesus Calls Us O'er the Tumult" (*Ancient and Modern*, No. 403).

10.0.—GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST FROM LONDON, followed by Midland News, giving Local Weather Report.

10.15.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: J. LEWIS.

CARDIFF.

(WAVE-LENGTH—353 METRES.)

8.10.—THE WOODVILLE ROAD BAPTIST CHURCH CHOIR: Hymn, "In Heavenly Love Abiding"; Anthem, "Sun of My Soul." Address: REV. F. W. ROSE, B.A., D.D., Woodville Road Baptist Church, Cardiff. THE WOODVILLE ROAD BAPTIST CHURCH CHOIR: Hymn, "Father of Love and Power."

8.35.—BEETHOVEN PROGRAMME: Solo Pianoforte, MADAME VERA McCOMB THOMAS; Conductor, MR. A. CORBETT SMITH. INTRODUCTORY CHAT.

8.40.—I. Overture, "Leonora" (No. 3); II. Pianoforte Sonata No. 31 in E Flat (Op. 22, No. 1); III. Andante, from Symphony No. 2; IV. Concerto No. 5 in E Flat ("The Emperor"), for Pianoforte and Orchestra; (a) Allegro; (b) Adagio un poco mosso; (c) Rondo (allegro).

NOTICE.

The regular publication of the Programmes for the Aberdeen and Bournemouth Stations of the British Broadcasting Company will commence in the next issue of *The Radio Times*.

10.0.—GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST FROM LONDON, followed by South Wales News giving Local Weather Forecast.

10.15.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: A. CORBETT SMITH.

GLASGOW.

(WAVE-LENGTH—415 METRES.)

3.0-5.0.—SIMULTANEOUS BROADCAST OF ORGAN RECITAL FROM THE STEINWAY HALL, LONDON. (SEE LONDON PROGRAMME.)

ANNOUNCER: MUNGO M. DEWAR.

8.30.—PERFORMANCE OF THE "HYMN OF PRAISE," by MENDELSSOHN: S.B. from the Newcastle Station. (SEE NEWCASTLE PROGRAMME.)

10.0.—GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. Local Weather Forecast.

10.15.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: H. A. CARRUTHERS.

MANCHESTER.

(WAVE-LENGTH—385 METRES.)

3.0-5.0.—ORGAN RECITAL FROM THE STEINWAY HALL, LONDON: S.B. from London. (SEE LONDON PROGRAMME.)

8.30.—OPERATIC PROGRAMME BY MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY, AND AUGMENTED EZZY ORCHESTRA. MR. ROBERT PARKER, Baritone: "Wotan's Abschied" ("Val-kyrie") (*Wagner*); "O, Star of Eve" ("Tannhäuser") (*Wagner*). MISS BEATRICE MIRANDA: "Senta's Ballad" ("The Flying Dutchman") (*Wagner*); "Lieberstadt" ("Tristan and Isolde") (*Wagner*).

9.0.—TALK: THE REV. J. ADAMSON, M.A., of West Didsbury. CONTINUATION OF OPERATIC PROGRAMME.

10.0.—GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN FROM LONDON, followed by Manchester News and Local Weather Report.

10.15.—ANNOUNCEMENTS. CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: V. SMYTHE.

NEWCASTLE.

(WAVE-LENGTH—400 METRES.)

3.0-5.0.—ORGAN RECITAL FROM THE STEINWAY HALL, LONDON: S.B. from London. (SEE LONDON PROGRAMME.)

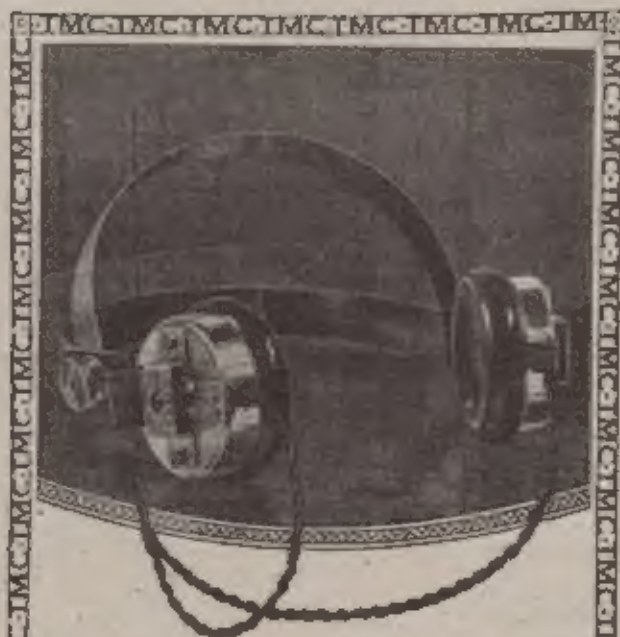
8.30.—TALK: REV. ERNEST E. WELTON, Heaton Road Baptist Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

8.45.—THE "HYMN OF PRAISE," by MENDELSSOHN. Cast: MISS GERTRUDE JOHNSON (London), Soprano; MR. MATTHEW NEWTON, Tenor; SHIP-COTE HARMONIC CHOIR, Chorus; THE NEWCASTLE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA.

10.0.—GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST FROM LONDON, followed by Newcastle News giving Local Weather Report.

10.15.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: E. C. PRATT.



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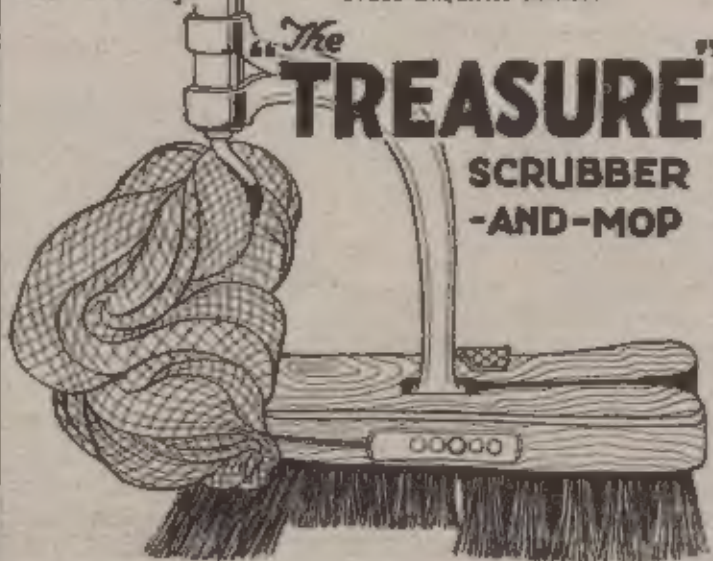
As a Scrubber



Wringing Out



As a Mop



WIRELESS PROGRAMME—MONDAY (Oct. 15th.)

LONDON.

- 11.30-12.30.—MORNING CONCERT: MR. ROBERT ELLIOTT, Bass.
 5.0.—WOMEN'S HOUR: Ariel's Society Gossip; Mrs. C. S. Peel's Domestic Conversations.
 5.30.—CHILDREN'S STORIES: "Sabo, the Pen-wiper," Part I, by E. W. Lewis; "Jack Hardy," Chap. 5, Part II, by Herbert Strang.
 6.15.—BOYS' BRIGADE AND BOYS' LIFE BRIGADE NEWS.
 6.25-7.0.—INTERVAL.
 7.0.—TIME SIGNAL, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST TO ALL STATIONS, followed by London News and Weather Report.
 7.15.—WEEKLY BOOK TALK BY MR. JOHN STRACHEY, the B.B.C. Literary Critic.
 7.30.—PROGRAMME OF ORCHESTRAL WORKS BY DR. SIR ALEXANDER C. MACKENZIE (Principal Royal Academy of Music). CONDUCTED BY THE COMPOSER. Assignments: Wireless Orchestra. Solo Pianoforte: MISS HILDA DEDEHICH—Overture, "The Cricket on the Hearth" (Mackenzie); Scottish Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra (Mackenzie); Ballet Music from "St. John's Eve" (Mackenzie); (a) "Song of Thanksgiving," (b) "Under the Clock," from Suite, "London Day by Day"; "Dandelions" (Mackenzie); Overture, "Britannia" (Mackenzie).
 9.15.—"MOTORING," BY CAPT. RICHARD TWELVETREES.
 9.30.—TIME SIGNAL, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST TO ALL STATIONS, followed by London News and Weather Report.
 9.45.—AN HOUR'S DANCE MUSIC BY THE SAVOY ORPHEANS.
 10.45.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: K. A. WRIGHT.

BIRMINGHAM.

- 3.30-4.30.—MR. JOSEPH LEWIS (Musical Director of the Birmingham Station) will give a Player-Piano Recital of the week's "Star" Hits.
 5.30.—LADIES' CORNER: Ariel's Society Gossip; Mrs. C. S. Peel's Domestic Conversations.
 6.0.—KIDDIES' CORNER: (a) "Sabo, the Pen-wiper," Part I, by E. W. Lewis; (b) "Jack Hardy," Chap. 5, Part I, by Herbert Strang.
 6.45.—BOYS' LIFE BRIGADE AND BOYS' BRIGADE NOTES.
 7.0.—FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN FROM LONDON.
 7.10.—WEEKLY LITERARY REVIEW BY MR. JOHN STRACHEY (B.B.C. Literary Critic); S.B. from London.
 7.25.—BIRMINGHAM NEWS BULLETIN AND WEATHER FORECAST.
 7.30.—COMPOSER'S EVENING: Conducted by SIR ALEXANDER C. MACKENZIE, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music; (SEE LONDON PROGRAMME.) S.B. from London.
 9.15.—"MOTORING," BY CAPT. RICHARD TWELVETREES; S.B. from London.
 9.30.—SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN FROM LONDON.
 9.45.—DANCE MUSIC PLAYED BY THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AT THE SAVOY HOTEL, LONDON; S.B. from London.
 10.45.—LOCAL NEWS BULLETIN AND WEATHER FORECAST.
 10.50.—CLOSE DOWN.
 ANNOUNCER: P. EDGAR.

CARDIFF.

- 3.30-4.30.—FALKMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA at the Capital Cinema, Cardiff.
 5.0-5.30.—WOMEN'S HOUR: Ariel's Society Gossip; Mrs. C. S. Peel's Domestic Conversations.
 5.30-6.15.—CHILDREN'S STORIES: (a) "Sabo, the Pen-wiper," Part I, by E. W. Lewis; (b) "Jack Hardy," Chap. 5, Part I, by Herbert Strang. BOYS' LIFE BRIGADE AND BOYS' BRIGADE BULLETIN.
 7.0.—FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST FROM LONDON.
 7.10.—WEEKLY LITERARY REVIEW BY MR. JOHN STRACHEY (B.B.C. Literary Critic); S.B. from London.
 7.25.—CARDIFF NEWS BULLETIN AND WEATHER FORECAST.
 7.30.—COMPOSER'S EVENING: Conducted by SIR ALEXANDER C. MACKENZIE, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music; (SEE LONDON PROGRAMME.) S.B. from London.
 9.15.—CAPT. RICHARD TWELVETREES ON "MOTORING." S.B. from London.
 9.30.—SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST FROM LONDON.
 9.45.—DANCE MUSIC PLAYED BY THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AT THE SAVOY HOTEL, LONDON. (SEE LONDON PROGRAMME.) S.B. from London.
 10.45.—CARDIFF NEWS BULLETIN AND WEATHER FORECAST.

ANNOUNCER: L. B. PAGE.

GLASGOW.

- 3.30-4.30.—AN HOUR OF MELODY by the WIRELESS TRIO.
 5.0.—A TALK TO WOMEN: Ariel's Society Gossip; Mrs. C. S. Peel's Domestic Conversations.
 5.30.—THE CHILDREN'S CORNER: (a) "Sabo, the Pen-wiper," Part I, by E. W. Lewis; (b) "Jack Hardy," Chap. 5, Part I, by Herbert Strang.
 6.0.—SPECIAL WEATHER REPORT FOR FARMERS.
 6.15.—BOYS' LIFE BRIGADE BULLETIN.
 7.0.—THE FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST FROM LONDON.
 7.10.—WEEKLY LITERARY REVIEW BY MR. JOHN STRACHEY (B.B.C. Literary Critic); S.B. from London.
 7.25.—LOCAL NEWS BULLETIN AND WEATHER FORECAST.
 7.30.—COMPOSER'S EVENING: Conducted by SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music; S.B. from London. (SEE LONDON PROGRAMME.)
 9.15.—"MOTORING," BY CAPT. RICHARD TWELVETREES; S.B. from London.
 9.30.—SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST FROM LONDON.
 9.45.—AN HOUR'S DANCE MUSIC PLAYED BY "THE SAVOY ORPHEANS" AT THE SAVOY HOTEL, LONDON. S.B. from London.
 10.45.—LOCAL NEWS BULLETIN AND WEATHER FORECAST. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. CLOSE DOWN.
 ANNOUNCER: A. H. SWINSON PATERSON.

MANCHESTER.

- 3.30.—CONCERT BY THE "ZY" TRIO: Vocalist, CLIFF WESTON (Baritone).
 5.0.—MAINLY FEMININE: Ariel's Society Gossip; Mrs. C. S. Peel's Domestic Conversations.

- 5.15.—FARMERS' WEATHER REPORT.
 5.30.—THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: (a) "Sabo, the Pen-wiper," Part I, by E. W. Lewis; (b) "Jack Hardy," Chap. 5, Part I, by Herbert Strang. THE ORCHESTRA, Austin and Uncles, conducted by Uncle Chutchie, will play.
 6.40.—BOYS' BRIGADE AND BOYS' LIFE BRIGADE BULLETINS.
 6.45.—SPANISH TALK BY W. F. BLETCHER, Examiner in Spanish to the Unions of Lancashire and Cheshire.
 7.0.—FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST FROM LONDON.
 7.10.—LITERARY REVIEW BY MR. JOHN STRACHEY (B.B.C. Literary Critic); S.B. from London.
 7.25.—MANCHESTER NEWS BULLETIN AND WEATHER FORECAST.
 7.30.—COMPOSER'S EVENING: Conducted by SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music; (SEE LONDON PROGRAMME.) S.B. from London.
 9.15.—"MOTORING," BY CAPT. RICHARD TWELVETREES. S.B. from London.
 9.30.—SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST FROM LONDON.
 9.45.—DANCE MUSIC PLAYED BY "THE SAVOY ORPHEANS" AT THE SAVOY HOTEL, LONDON. (SEE LONDON PROGRAMME.) S.B. from London.
 10.45.—MANCHESTER NEWS BULLETIN AND WEATHER FORECAST.
 10.50.—CLOSE DOWN.
 ANNOUNCER: DAN GODFREY, JUNR.

NEWCASTLE.

- 5.45.—MISS FLORENCE FARRAR, Pianoforte Solo; MR. W. A. CROSSE'S DIJOU ORCHESTRA; A Talk on "Pots" as told in London by Mr. Bernard Rackham; MISS FLORENCE FARRAR, Pianoforte Solo; MR. W. A. CROSSE'S DIJOU ORCHESTRA.
 6.45.—WOMEN'S TRANSMISSION: Ariel's Society Gossip; Mrs. C. S. Peel's Domestic Conversations.
 6.15.—CHILDREN'S TRANSMISSION: (a) "Sabo, the Pen-wiper," Part I, by E. W. Lewis; (b) "Jack Hardy," Chap. 5, Part I, by Herbert Strang.
 6.0.—SCHOLARS' HALF HOUR: A Short Talk on the "Stories of the Nations," by MR. A. W. DAKERS.
 6.30.—BOYS' BRIGADE NEWS.
 6.45.—FARMERS' CORNER.
 7.0.—FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST FROM LONDON.
 7.10.—WEEKLY LITERARY REVIEW BY MR. JOHN STRACHEY (B.B.C. Literary Critic); S.B. from London.
 7.25.—NEWCASTLE NEWS BULLETIN AND WEATHER FORECAST.
 7.30.—COMPOSER'S EVENING: Conducted by SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music; (SEE LONDON PROGRAMME.) S.B. from London.
 9.15.—"MOTORING," BY CAPT. RICHARD TWELVETREES. S.B. from London.
 9.30.—SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST FROM LONDON.
 9.45.—AN HOUR'S DANCE MUSIC PLAYED BY "THE SAVOY ORPHEANS" AT THE SAVOY HOTEL, LONDON. (SEE LONDON PROGRAMME.) S.B. from London.
 10.45.—LOCAL NEWS BULLETIN AND WEATHER FORECAST.
 10.50.—CLOSE DOWN.
 ANNOUNCER: G. K. PARSONS.

LONDON.

ASSOLMER C. A. LEWIS.

ANNOUNCER JOSEPH LEWIS.

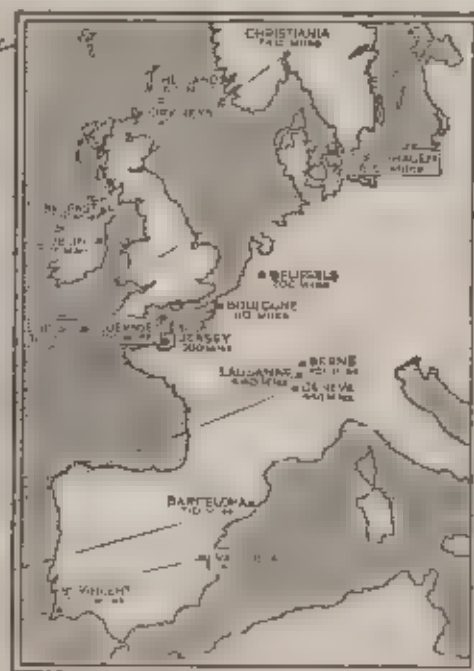
tion," by CHEPHY LADY POYNTER.
'A Nursery Chat," by the House Physician
of a London Hospital.

Abstract

10.30.—CLOSE DOWN.
ANNOUNCER: R. G. PRATT.

ANNOUNCER: R. G. PRATT.

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WIRELESS PROGRAMME—WEDNESDAY (Oct. 17th.)

LONDON.

- 11.30-12.30 MORNING CONCERT: MRS. RACHEL ALVAREZ, Soprano.
- 12.30-1.30 WOMEN'S HOUR: A TALK ON HOCKEY, by MR. H. E. HASLAM (English International). BEAUTY CULTURE, by MADAME DESTI.
- 1.30-2.30 CHILDREN'S STORIES OR ORCHESTRA: More Orchestral Instruments, by UNCLE JIM. "The Fairies' Overture" (Grieg). Wild Flower Talks, "By Moor and Fen," by MRS. ALBERT G. LATHAM.
- 2.30-3.30 SIGNAL, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN.
- 3.30-4.30 MR. ARCHIBALD HADDON, the R.B.C. Dramatic Critic: "NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE THEATRE." THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA, CONDUCTED by L. STANTON. JEFFRIES March "With the British Colours" (Hill). Overture, "Fra Diavolo" (Auber). Selections, by MR. MURRAY.
- 4.30-5.30 "Aurora," "Blackbirds' Song" (James), "Son of Man" (Williams). MR. JACK MILLARD in Song.
- 5.30-6.30 MR. ARCHIBALD HADDON, the R.B.C. Dramatic Critic: "NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE THEATRE." THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA, CONDUCTED by L. STANTON. JEFFRIES March "With the British Colours" (Hill). Overture, "Fra Diavolo" (Auber). Selections, by MR. MURRAY.
- 6.30-7.30 OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE BOURNE MOUTH STATION (6BM) S.B. from Bournemouth.
- 7.30-8.30 TIME SIGNAL. SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN broadcast to all stations. MRS. MARY COUSINS, "Boys and Girls" (Edith Barry). "Four Heavens" (James Montague). MR. JACK MILLARD in Song and So on. OKCHESTRA.
- ANNOUNCER R. F. PALMER.

BIRMINGHAM.

- 3.30-4.30 MR. ARCHIBALD HADDON, the R.B.C. Dramatic Critic: "NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE THEATRE." THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA, CONDUCTED by L. STANTON. JEFFRIES March "With the British Colours" (Hill). Overture, "Fra Diavolo" (Auber). Selections, by MR. MURRAY.
- 4.30-5.30 LADIES' CORNER: A TALK ON HOCKEY, by MR. H. E. HASLAM (English International). BEAUTY CULTURE, by MADAME DESTI.
- 5.30-6.30 KIDDIEST CORNER: (1) The Fairies' Overture, (2) Wild Flower Talks, by Moor and Fen, by MRS. ALBERT G. LATHAM.
- 6.30-7.30 GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN S.B. from London.
- 7.30-8.30 WEEKLY DRAMATIC CRITICISM by MR. ARCHIBALD HADDON (B.B.C. Dramatic Critic) S.B. from London.
- 8.30-9.30 BIRMINGHAM NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
- 9.30-10.30 SPECIAL ORATORIO PROGRAMME: "ELIJAH" (Mendelssohn). For the performance a CHOIR OF SIXTY VOICES will be employed, and the STATION ORCHESTRA augmented. AIMEE GLENDA, Soprano; AMY CARTER, Contralto; HEDGES, Tenor; JAMES RAY, Bass.
- 10.30-11.30 OFFICIAL OPENING OF BOURNE MOUTH STATION (6BM) S.B. from Bournemouth.
- 11.30-12.30 SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN S.B. from London, followed by Midland News giving Local Weather Report.
- 12.30-1.30 MR. SIDNEY ROGERS, F.R.H.S. TALK, Topical Horticultural Hints.
- 1.30-2.30 Continuation of "ELIJAH."
- ANNOUNCER F. EDGAR.

CARDIFF.

- 3.30-4.30 FALKMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA at the Capitol Cinema, Cardiff.
- 5.30-6.30 WOMEN'S HOUR: A TALK ON HOCKEY, by MR. H. E. HASLAM (English International). BEAUTY CULTURE, by MADAME DESTI.
- 6.30-7.30 CHILDREN'S STORIES (1) The Fairies' Overture, (2) Wild Flower Talks, by Moor and Fen, by MRS. ALBERT G. LATHAM.
- 7.30-8.30 FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN S.B. from London, and Local News.

- 7.30-8.30 CAPT. NORMAN MACMILLAN, Commander of the Far-reaching World's Flight will talk on THE WORLD'S FLIGHT.
- 8.30-9.30 THE CYMRADIOS make their bow, SAMBO sings about the West Country, THE CYMRADIOS the respective merits of Tea and Coffee, SYBIL, with a "Hey Derry Down"; SYDNEY, with help from CECIL, hopes to be a success. SYBIL and SAMBO try out a Duet. SADIE begs you to "Take no Notice." THE CYMRADIOS attend a Parish Meeting. SYBIL, with attendant Satellites, greets the...
- 9.30-10.30 OPENING OF BOURNE MOUTH STATION (6BM) S.B. from Bournemouth.
- 10.30-11.30 SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN S.B. from London and Local Weather.
- 11.30-12.30 MORE SCINTILLATIONS by THE CYMRADIOS. SYDNEY and CECIL make another attempt; SYBIL bids the Moon "Good Night"; THE CYMRADIOS decide to go in for "Wireless"; SAMBO will show you like any smoking dove. SADIE and SYDNEY exchange views on the "Little Home They'd Like to Build"; THE CYMRADIOS bid "Good Night, Everybody."
- ANNOUNCER A. CORBETT SMITH.

GLASGOW.

- 3.30-4.30 AN HOUR OF MELODY, by the WIRELESS TRIO.
- 5.30-6.30 A TALK TO WOMEN: A TALK ON HOCKEY, by MR. H. E. HASLAM (English International). BEAUTY CULTURE, by MADAME DESTI.
- 6.30-7.30 THE CHILDREN'S CORNER: "The Fairies' Overture," "Wild Flower Talks," "By Moor and Fen," by MRS. ALBERT G. LATHAM.
- 7.30-8.30 WEATHER REPORT FOR FAMILIES.
- 8.30-9.30 THE FIRST NEWS BULLETIN S.B. from London, also Glasgow News and Weather.
- 9.30-10.30 WEEKLY DRAMATIC CRITICISM by MR. ARCHIBALD HADDON (B.B.C. Dramatic Critic) S.B. from London.
- 10.30-11.30 CLASSICAL NIGHT—A NIGHT WITH THE COMPOSERS OR ORCHESTRA, Overture Suite from the Ballet Casse Noisette (Tchaikovsky) MR. F. D. LINN, Baritone. ORCHESTRA Selection, "Glory of Russia" (arranged by Kremer). Favourites on Russian Melodies, MRS. EDITH HARRIS, Soprano.
- 11.30-12.30 OFFICIAL OPENING OF BOURNE MOUTH STATION (6BM) S.B. from Bournemouth.
- 12.30-1.30 SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN S.B. from London and Local News.
- 1.30-2.30 MR. F. D. LINN Baritone. ORCHESTRA, Melody in F (Rubinstein); Gopak (Corder). ORCHESTRA, Capriccio Italian.
- ANNOUNCER MURDOM DEWAR.

MANCHESTER.

- 3.30-4.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT by "THE LIMITS" CONCERT PARTY.
- 5.30-6.30 MAINLY FLEMING: A TALK ON HOCKEY, by MR. H. E. HASLAM (English International). BEAUTY CULTURE, by MADAME DESTI.
- 6.30-7.30 FARMERS' WEATHER REPORT.
- 7.30-8.30 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: (1) "The Fairies' Overture," (2) "Wild Flower Talks," "By Moor and Fen," by MRS. ALBERT G. LATHAM.
- 8.30-9.30 ORGAN RECITAL by land-line from the Pictorial Picture House. At the Organ, MR. J. ARMITAGE.

- 7.30-8.30 FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN S.B. from London.
- 8.30-9.30 WEEKLY DRAMATIC CRITICISM by MR. ARCHIBALD HADDON (B.B.C. Dramatic Critic) S.B. from London.
- 9.30-10.30 MANCHESTER NEWS and WEATHER FORECAST.
- 10.30-11.30 ELI SPIVAK, Solo Violin. Concerto in A minor (Vivaldi) Marche, BELLA RUD-FORFIA, Mezzo-soprano. RONALD GOUR-LAY, Blind Pianist. ELI SPIVAK, Solo Violin: "Hymn to the Sun" Korovikov.
- 11.30-12.30 "Moto Perpetua" (Horacek).
- 12.30-1.30 OFFICIAL OPENING OF BOURNE MOUTH STATION (6BM) S.B. from Bournemouth.
- 1.30-2.30 SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN S.B. from London and Local News.
- 2.30-3.30 GILMAN TALK, by FRANCIS J. STAFFORD, M.A. M.F.S.
- 3.30-4.30 ELI SPIVAK, Solo Violin.
- 4.30-5.30 RONALD GOURLAY, Blind Pianist.
- 5.30-6.30 "If there were Dreams to Sell" (John Ireland), (b) "Love Went a riding" (Finch).
- 6.30-7.30 MEN'S CLUB ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- ANNOUNCER VICTOR S. S.

NEWCASTLE.

- 3.30-4.30 REPRODUCING PIANO: MME. E. LONGSTAFFE, Contralto. MR. J. GRIFFITHS, Luths, Cello Solo. REPRODUCING PIANO: MADAME EVELYN LONGSTAFFE, Contralto. MR. J. GRIFFITHS, Luths Solo.
- 4.30-5.30 WOMEN'S TRANSMISSION: A TALK ON HOCKEY, by MR. H. E. HASLAM (English International). BEAUTY CULTURE, by MADAME DESTI.
- 5.30-6.30 CHILDREN'S TRANSMISSION: (1) The Fairies' Overture, (2) Wild Flower Talks—"By Moor and Fen," by MRS. ALBERT G. LATHAM.
- 6.30-7.30 SCHOLARS' HALF HOUR: A Short Talk on "Nature Studies and English Literature" by MRS. E. B. BRAMWELL.
- 7.30-8.30 FARMERS' CORNER.
- 8.30-9.30 FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN S.B. from London, also Local News.
- 9.30-10.30 WEEKLY DRAMATIC CRITICISM by MR. ARCHIBALD HADDON (B.B.C. Dramatic Critic) S.B. from London.
- 10.30-11.30 NIGHT WITH MEN: LESSON in Mendelssohn by MR. JOHN WYATT, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.O.
- 11.30-12.30 NEWCASTLE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA: Overture, "Rue Bas" (Vieuxtemps). MISS BEATRICE PARAMOR, Soprano. "Love and Joyous" (Lafayette). THE NEWCASTLE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA, "Selection of Songs Without Words" (Mendelssohn), MR. JOHN WYATT, Baritone, "I am a Farmer" (Mendelssohn), MISS BEATRICE PARAMOR, Soprano, "Lord at all Times" (Lafayette). Mendelssohn, THE NEWCASTLE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA, "Hymn of Peace" (Mendelssohn).
- 12.30-1.30 "A Dream" (Mendelssohn). MISS BEATRICE PARAMOR and MR. JOHN WYATT Duet, "Oh, Wert thou in the Cold East" (Mendelssohn). MR. W. A. CROSBY, B.M., Pianoforte Solo, "Mendelssohn's Songs," MISS BEATRICE PARAMOR, Soprano, "On Wings of Song" (Mendelssohn).
- 1.30-2.30 OFFICIAL OPENING OF BOURNE MOUTH STATION S.B. from Bournemouth.
- 2.30-3.30 SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN S.B. from London, also Local News.
- 3.30-4.30 MISS BEATRICE PARAMOR, Soprano, "The Witches Song of May" (Mendelssohn). THE NEWCASTLE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA, "Hymn of Peace" (Mendelssohn).
- 4.30-5.30 MEN'S HOUR: LOCAL NEWS BULLETIN.
- ANNOUNCER R. C. PRATT.

Old Songs—the Best Songs

"At the National Sunday League Concert at the Palladium, I heard Miss Clara Serena sing the old Christy Minstrel ballad, 'Darling, I am growing old.' The song was received with rapturous applause, and if Miss Serena had only sung 'Caller Herrin',' or 'Darby and Joan,' the audience would have been even more delighted." *London Evening News.*

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Youth's the Season made for Joys
John Gay
Nearer, My God, to Thee J. B. Dykes
Most Wonderful of All - Leo Silesu
Tell Her I Love Her So - P. de Fave

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The Broken Melody - A. Van Biene
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W. Morgan
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WIRELESS PROGRAMME—THURSDAY (Oct. 18th)

LONDON

- 11.30-12.30.—MORNING CONCERT. MISS QUEENIE MAIN, Solo Violin.
- 12.30.—WOMEN'S HOUR. Fashion Talk by MISS NORA SHANDON. A Chat on Health Culture by a Physical Training Expert.
- 1.30.—CHILDREN'S STORIES. "The Adventures of Pin," by Annie Hilda and Uncle Humphrey Dumpty. No. 1. Pip goes to the Fair. "Jack Hardy," Chap. 5, Part 2, by Herbert Strang. L.G.M. of the Daily Mail.
- 2.15.—BOY SCOUTS AND GIRL GUIDES NEWS.
- 3.—SIGNAL, 1st GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST TO ALL STATIONS, followed by London News and Weather Report.
- 3.5.—THE WEEK'S MUSIC, by MR. PERCY A. SCHOLES, the B.B.C. Musical Critic.
- 7.30.—SHAKESPEARE. "MACBETH." Readings from The Tragedy by William Shakespeare. These readings will include the following scenes: ACT I SCENES 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. ACT II SCENES 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. ACT III SCENES 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. ACT IV SCENES 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. ACT V SCENES 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. CAST: Macbeth, Norman V. Norman; Lady Macbeth, Beatrice Wilson; Banquo, J. H. Barnes; Thane of Cawdor, C. A. Lewis; The Porter, Doctor, Gentlewoman, 1st Murderer, and three Witches will be taken by London Actors, whose names will be announced. IN IDENTICAL MUSIC to "Macbeth" NORMAN ONE STRING QUARTET.
- 9.—1st GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN, followed by London News and Weather Report.
- 9.45.—ONE HOUR'S DANCE MUSIC by THE SAVOY ORPHEANS.
- 10.45.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: R. F. PALMER

BIRMINGHAM

- 3.30-4.30.—MR. HAROLD CASLY, of the Station Repertory Company, Baritone, will give a Song Recital, accompanied on the Player Piano by Mr. Joseph Lewis.
- 5.30.—LADIES' CORNER. Fashion Talk by MISS NORA SHANDON. A Chat on Health Culture by a Physical Training Expert.
- 6.0.—KIDDIES' CORNER. (a) "The Tortoise Who Came Up Too Soon," from "The Clock and the Cockatoo," by RUTH HOLMES, published by Basil Blackwell, Oxford. (b) "Jack Hardy," Chap. 5, Part 2, by Herbert Strang.
- 6.45.—BOY SCOUTS AND GIRL GUIDES NEWS.
- 7.0.—FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. S.B. from London.
- 7.10.—WEEKLY MUSICAL CRITICISM by MR. PERCY SCHOLES (B.B.C. Musical Critic). S.B. from London.
- 7.25.—BIRMINGHAM NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
- 7.30.—Special Programme of BEETHOVEN MUSIC. STATION ORCHESTRA. Overture: "Men of Prometheus." Entr'acte: Largo e Mesto. Sonata: "The Moonlight." (Beethoven.)
- 8.0.—MR. RONALD GOURLAY, the Blind Pianist, Entertainer and Sibbair, in selected pieces.
- 8.45.—MADAME ALICE COUCHMAN, Solo Pianist: Sonata in D, opus 10, No. 3 (Bach).
- 9.0.—MR. RONALD GOURLAY.
- 9.5.—STATION ORCHESTRA: Overture. (Beethoven.)
- 9.30.—SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. S.B. from London, followed by Midland News giving Local Weather Report.
- 9.45.—DANCE MUSIC played by THE SAVOY

ORPHEANS at the Savoy Hotel, London. S.B. from London (SEE LONDON PROGRAMME).

10.45.—CLOSE DOWN

ANNOUNCER: JOSEPH LEWIS

CARDIFF

- 3.30-4.30.—FALKMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA at the Capitol Cinema, Cardiff.
- 5.0.—WOMEN'S HOUR. Fashion Talk by MISS NORA SHANDON. A Chat on Health Culture by a Physical Training Expert.
- 6.0.—WEATHER FORECAST. CHILDREN'S STORIES: (a) "The Tortoise Who Came Up Too Soon," from "The Clock and the Cockatoo," by RUTH HOLMES, published by Basil Blackwell, Oxford. (b) "Jack Hardy," Chap. 5, Pt. 2, by HERBERT STRANG.
- 7.0.—1st GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. S.B. from London.
- 7.10.—WEEKLY MUSICAL CRITICISM by MR. PERCY SCHOLES (B.B.C. Musical Critic). S.B. from London.
- 7.25.—CARDIFF NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
- 7.30.—IRISH NIGHT. THREE IRISH PLAYS: "Kiddens to the Sea" (J. M. Synge), "The Workhouse War" (J. G. Synge), "Kathleen ni Houlihan" (J. G. Synge). MISS RALPH GUNN, MESSRS. COLLETT SCOTLAND and IVOR THOMAS IN IDENTICAL MUSIC by THE STATION ORCHESTRA. IRISH SONGS: "An Irish Idol" (Song from "The Workhouse War") (J. G. Synge), "The Maid of the Mountains" (J. G. Synge).
- 9.30.—SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. S.B. from London. Followed by South Wales News, giving Local Weather Forecast.
- 9.45.—DANCE MUSIC played by the SAVOY ORPHEANS at the Savoy Hotel, London (SEE LONDON PROGRAMME). S.B. from London.
- 10.45.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: L. H. PAGE

GLASGOW

- 3.30-4.30.—AN HOUR OF MELODY by the WIRELESS TRIO.
- 5.0-5.30.—A TALK TO WOMEN. Fashion Talk by MISS NORA SHANDON. A Chat on Health Culture by a Physical Training Expert.
- 6.30-6.45.—THE CHILDREN'S CORNER: (a) "The Tortoise Who Came Up Too Soon," from "The Clock and the Cockatoo," by RUTH HOLMES, published by Basil Blackwell, Oxford. (b) "Jack Hardy," Chap. 5, Pt. 2, by HERBERT STRANG. BOY SCOUTS BULLETIN.
- 6.0.—SPECIAL WEATHER REPORT FOR FARMERS.
- 7.0.—1st GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. S.B. from London.
- 7.10.—WEEKLY MUSICAL CRITICISM by MR. PERCY SCHOLES (B.B.C. Musical Critic). S.B. from London.
- 7.25.—GLASGOW NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
- 7.30-8.30.—SHAKESPEARE'S "MACBETH." S.B. from London. (SEE LONDON PROGRAMME).
- 9.30.—SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. S.B. from London. Followed by Glasgow News and Weather Forecast.
- 9.45.—DANCE MUSIC played by the SAVOY ORPHEANS at the Savoy Hotel, London. S.B. from London (SEE LONDON PROGRAMME). S.B. from London.
- 10.45.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: M. M. DEWAR

MANCHESTER

- 11.30.—MORNING TRANSMISSION BY THE "2ZY" TRIO.
- 5.0.—MAINLY FEMININE: Fashion Talk by MISS NORA SHANDON. A Chat on

- Health Culture by a Physical Training Expert.
- 5.30.—THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. (a) "The Tortoise Who Came Up Too Soon," from "The Clock and the Cockatoo," by RUTH HOLMES, published by BASIL BLACKWELL, Oxford. (b) "Jack Hardy," Chap. 5, Pt. 2, by HERBERT STRANG.
- 6.0.—1st GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. S.B. from London.
- 6.30.—SPANISH TALK by Mr. W. F. BLECHER, Examiner in Spanish to the Union of the Lancashire and Cheshire Institutes.
- 6.45.—GIRL GUIDES AND BOY SCOUTS' NEWS.
- 7.0.—1st GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. S.B. from London.
- 7.10.—WEEKLY MUSICAL CRITICISM by MR. PERCY SCHOLES (B.B.C. Musical Critic). S.B. from London.
- 7.25.—MANCHESTER NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
- 7.30-8.30.—SHAKESPEARE'S "MACBETH." S.B. from London. (SEE LONDON PROGRAMME).
- 9.30.—2nd GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. S.B. from London. Followed by Manchester News giving Local Weather Report.
- 9.45.—AN HOUR'S DANCE MUSIC, played by the SAVOY ORPHEANS at the SAVOY HOTEL, LONDON (SEE LONDON PROGRAMME). S.B. from London.
- 10.45.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: VICTOR SMYTHE

NEWCASTLE

- 3.45.—MISS L. STORM, Pianoforte Solo. MR. WM. LAWS, Violin Solo, "Kasperl, Minderersohn." MR. WM. LAWS Trio, MISS L. STORM, Pianoforte Solo, "Moment Musical" (Chopinade). "Valse Impromptu," op. 47 (Grieg). MR. WM. LAWS, Violin Solo, MR. W. LAWS TRIO, Intermezzo "Jocunditas" (Blome).
- 4.45.—WOMEN'S TRANSMISSION: Fashion Talk by MISS NORA SHANDON. A Chat on Health Culture, by a Physical Training Expert.
- 5.15.—CHILDREN'S TRANSMISSION: (a) "The Tortoise Who Came Up Too Soon," from "The Clock and the Cockatoo," by RUTH HOLMES, published by BASIL BLACKWELL, Oxford. (b) "Jack Hardy," Chap. 5, Pt. 2, by HERBERT STRANG.
- 6.0.—SCHOOLERS' HALF HOUR: A Talk on "Tales from the Poets," by MISS D. NEILSON.
- 6.4.—1st SCOT NEWS.
- 6.45.—FARMERS' CORNER.
- 7.0.—1st GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. S.B. from London.
- 7.10.—WEEKLY MUSICAL CRITICISM, by MR. PERCY SCHOLES (B.B.C. Musical Critic). S.B. from London.
- 7.25.—NEWCASTLE NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
- 7.30.—MR. W. A. CROSSE'S JAZZ ORCHESTRA. MADAME LILLIAN COBURN, Soprano. (a) "The Land of Long Ago" (Ray). (b) "I Did Not Know" (Travers). MR. W. A. CROSSE, Clarinet Solo. MR. W. A. CROSSE'S JAZZ ORCHESTRA. MADAME LILLIAN COBURN, Soprano. "Goodnight" (Jamen). MR. W. A. CROSSE'S JAZZ ORCHESTRA.
- 9.0.—CLOSE DOWN.
- 9.30.—2nd GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. S.B. from London, followed by Newcastle News giving Local Weather Report.
- 9.45.—DANCE MUSIC played by the SAVOY ORPHEANS at the SAVOY HOTEL, LONDON. S.B. from London. (SEE LONDON PROGRAMME).
- 10.45.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: R. L. ODHAMS

WHY DO WE?

By ARTHUR R. BURROWS, Director of Programmes.



I HAVE just received a copy of the "Radio Times" and have been in a state of appropriate indignation as an emergency wireless, and you, on a trivial 1½ kilo

tion," but on something capable of creating a such wider disturbance—a set which scared folk as far away from dear old England as the Arabian in Northern Persia.

Wild horses will not drag from me the name of that song (there are such things as joyous tunes), but I do know I have an audience, for he wrote from Devonport a pathetic letter to the *Daily Mail*. (May this silence those who would have all the Uncles emulate the really top-hole vocal performances of Uncle Rex.)

But to return to "Cremation." There must be quite a number of persons, past and present, interested in this burning topic. Why do we broadcast a talk upon it, say, as a matter of relief in the Saturday night dance programme?

Why not? Why, oh why do we do many things that—judging by the postbag—we ought not to do, and why don't we carry out at once the thousand and one brilliant ideas that roll up with the mail on my desk every day?

Why do we broadcast millihertz, the price of cotton and of marks? Why do we dare to have two minute intervals when, as one indignant correspondent pointed out, his annual fee of ten shillings entitled him to a "continuous performance"? Why, too, above all things, do we talk in our news bulletins of the "English Parliament and thereby place in a state of apoplexy half the population of Scotland?"

The Reason Why

We don't broadcast talks on Cremation because, quite frankly, very few persons would derive much entertainment from the topic. Not that the subject is unworthy of serious consideration, but because a study of the undertaking business does not tend in any way towards what the Americans describe as "uplift."

We do broadcast millihertz, despite protests from those who like myself, are not meteorological, because the price of marks and cotton has come to take a definite place in the world's affairs.

Whereas, the last generation foretold the weather in terms of barometric inches and shooting comets, so the young "torments" now at school will consult the millihertz before adjusting their padded helmets and flying to the wars.

Similarly we broadcast the price of marks and cotton for the reason that marks and cotton are a matter of real concern to the bands who play.

Broadcasting has created a business in its parallel in life to date. It has brought into service a means of communication which, owing to its rapid and fascinating character, has cast a spell over the minds of the masses.

It is not possible for its conduct a task of extreme difficulty one that can never be performed to the satisfaction of everyone.

Take, for instance, the matter of broadcast

ing. If we look at the newspaper world we find what do we find? Scarcely a single paper catering for all, but thousands of journals each one of which concentrates its attention on local or specialized interests, or dresses up the news of the day in a manner calculated to appeal specially to persons of a well-defined mental standard, or a definite line of political

view, and I subscribe for certain papers, either because they pay special attention to our line of business or our favourite sport or pastime, or, on the other hand, because they affect the line of political thought with which we are in agreement.

In broadcasting news we have to remember that our listeners include not only those whose daily round in a great centre of population and industry brings them into close contact with all aspects of life, some elevating, others sordid, but also children at school and in homes where, through their tender years, they are fortunately shielded from those things that are ugly and harmful to the development of strength of character.

Wireless for Countrymen.

For that reason alone great care has to be used in the selection and treatment of news, and we are compelled at times to content ourselves with the radiation of the barest facts. The disappointment that we undoubtedly give to some is balanced—and perhaps more than balanced—by the ever-growing confidence that we are creating elsewhere.

Amongst the frequently recurring "Whys" are those, mainly from town dwellers, expressing concern at the time occupied in giving the prices of such things as pigs and potatoes. The answer is a simple one. The very nature of broadcasting, whereby time and space are annihilated, makes this new means of communication of particular value to dwellers in the country.

There are farms and country houses less than 100 miles from London that do not see a daily paper until twenty-four hours after publication. To such places, and they are numerous, wireless can perform a service not so far provided by any other agency.

This explains the reason, and we believe a very good reason, for the existence of the weekly reports, the market prices and the *FIRST* news bulletin which, although containing little that is new to the fortunate possessor of an evening paper, gives to those who provide us with our foodstuffs an equal opportunity for being well informed.

Varied Tastes.

Now let us turn to broadcasting as a means of entertainment. How varied are our tastes!

Our great musical rendezvous like the Albert and Queen's Halls in London the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, and St. Andrew's Hall in Glasgow, are filled to overflowing in the seasons with persons whose mentality or training is such that they enjoy music often of a character and standard which would bore stiff thousands otherwise placed.

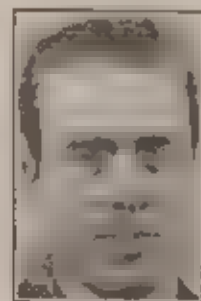
Conversely, there are other places of entertainment giving happiness and relaxation to vast audiences to whom at dances at the aforementioned halls would be little short of a penance.

Finally, there are many thousands in the prime of life to whom the modern dance music has a particular appeal, despite the fact that to others this form of music is anathema.

All these tastes are legitimate, and have to be recognized when arranging the programmes.

THE Chief Engineer.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS HIM



MR. ECKERLEY.

"P" STANDS for Peter. Does P.P. indicate where's the pick? Peter Piper picked a peck of pickles he left behind him when he went to the sea. The news will tell you about the pop—er—the pots into the work [Horrible!—Ed.] To get the real Eckerley, wild life in nature, surroundings tough, you want to see him alone in the

down the passage, shoulders well up, hair on end, pipe in mouth, hands in pocket, and even then you will probably only wonder who the fellow like a rose-mender with Ek-shes in the fingers is.

He sports a tie like yellow fever with measles, and, if chance directs your footsteps to the engineers' bar, you can always spot it glowing through the haze of electrons. In fact to let you a cautiously guarded secret, it was used on one occasion to replace a worn-out valve.

A Prodigious Worker.

Sometimes he broadcasts, just to keep in fettle, for of course, in days before the B.B.C., he was a popular low comedian under the cognomen "Two Emma Tots." He will stroll up to the microphone (still pipe in mouth and make a few noises like a milk-can in an empty train, and call it "That Freedom." (Thus, ladies and gentlemen, is the finest example extant of broadcasting in ancient history.)

The Chief Engineer's position is a very important one. He is head of a very large department, and bears heavy responsibility for a satisfactory transmission every night at each of the stations.

He, for instance, occasionally visits one of the provincial stations. He calls this taking a holiday from work, and his little excursion runs on something of the following lines. He puts on pressure at the office and works at high tension all day. In fact, his output is remarkable.

At about 6 o'clock he precipitates himself into a train and arrives at the station selected in a state of low-frequency energy. This is, of course, rectified by the Station Director and after capacity is reached Captain Eckerley inspects the apparatus in the station. He may also take in a little playful badinage with local friends, or investigate suggested new sites for the main aerial. Any little amusement of this sort he enjoys after the day's work.

Correspondence Galore.

The inspecting over, the C.E. catches the night mail and arrives in the head office at 8 a.m. next morning with an angelic smile which widens to a grin as he views the trays of letters awaiting his attention.

He is great on correspondence, and a letter taken at random from the tray will

DEAR MADAM

Your aerial has put me down jammed by your neighbour's car. I am sorry to hear that, but I am sure you will be able to get it out of the jam.

The only remedy I can suggest is that you should move the car to the side of the road, and at the same time earthing the jammed car. We can do it for you if you wish to transact.

Yours, etc.

But the very thought of the amount of correspondence he gets through has reduced the writer to a state of nervous prostration.

"ECHO?"

Our Own Eck-o Answers Some Listeners' Queries.

By P. P. ECKERSLEY, Chief Engineer of the B.B.C.

They come I might write the
but they've
someone who sa
it much better than I ever could

But

If it would have been fine for you can do
such a lot with

or in parallel

or is it multiple arc?

As it is, I must write a bald, simple article
without cracks and 'chatty parts' I wonder
how I use

A Great Art.

There's a great art in modern writing. There
seems to be a great art in padding too. Er
[T] with paragraph headings like the wiring
diagram of an automatic switch or a sympho-
nium for chapters... and very
short chapters.

So I'm writing on "echo" from Ec, "I
make a noise" and he it comes back again.

Before I start I think my little linerick is
good. (Fully to understand it you want to know
an old call me back). It goes like this—

On the 'Phone!

So I'm on the 'phone here
A 'phone where there ain't any
I can't hearers here
I can't hearers here

Many people are back after that 'echo
effect," that peculiar, resonant, full outside
the phone," feeling that is heard from the
Opera, the Aeolian Hall, or the Rutherford
speech broadcast.

This is not world wide
by a very rate listeners on a
postcard pick-ups are two to
one in favour and, as always,
we wish to bow to the wishes
of the majority... (See
those dots?) Now how they
convey that we are...
and we don't want...
Wonderful there, a dot!

Many Echo's

But here comes the peculiar
thing. There are all sorts of
echo, there is the blurred
and the sweet echo, and the
bath echo, and the tiny echo
and the boom echo...
for a moment, it may be said
that large halls give the boom
echo, which rounds off the music
... the impression of a
certain mellow sweetness which
in the ordinary broadcast, where
all he has to give the blurred

Always when I listen to the
stuff with 'phones I have
the feeling of the sound coming
from a big circle rather like a
large round my head...
or non-echo broadcast, it is so in-
timate that the voice comes from
somewhere just inside the ear.

Personally I like echo, and

to trace other...
variable and been present

So with the conditions of our room where
every broadcast takes place, from the enter-
tainer at 200 words per minute to the lecturer
whose subject is so profound as to require
10 seconds for each of his words from the
Shakespeare play (where the players are 20 feet
from the microphone) to the children's hour
where the Uncles are anything from 0 to
infinity from the microphone and often play
hide-and-seek round the stand, draping was
the only thing as a fundamental base.

If We Were Rich

This is the whole trouble. It is a very practical
one and a very simple one...
If we were rich enough... by...
that there are people who have not paid their
license fees... (See those dots?) They
represent the number of pounds you will have
to pay per month... to be retrospective.)

So we have got to go very gently, and experi-
ment with rooms and generally...
to introduce a "sweet echo" and then, when
we have done it, will the majority of you...

Oh! listener, has our judgment erred?

Or is it a sweeter noise?

State the alternative preferred.

With reasons for your choice.

The last word of the last line is very old
English.

Draping

You have realized then, that the big room
gives the sweet echo, the economically sized
room gives the muffled effect, and so we have
had to start by so draping the small room as
to rid it completely of all echo. Even now we
are not quite succeeded.

For speech we have, I think been fully
justified. It would not have been possible to
give the Shakespeare plays with the...
which they were produced had it not been for
the draping. It would not have been possible

to trace other...
variable and been present

So with the conditions of our room where
every broadcast takes place, from the enter-
tainer at 200 words per minute to the lecturer
whose subject is so profound as to require
10 seconds for each of his words from the
Shakespeare play (where the players are 20 feet
from the microphone) to the children's hour
where the Uncles are anything from 0 to
infinity from the microphone and often play
hide-and-seek round the stand, draping was
the only thing as a fundamental base.

A Long Way After Tennyson.

Now we must see how to introduce the echo
without going to the sledge hammer method
of hiring Covent Garden every night for our
Light Orchestras.

By the way, what is a light orchestra? It
sounds so martial—

Half a tone! Half a tone! Half a bent from the
bar.

And the wonders of quavers and counterpoint
... the light orchestra.

Someone said I heard it.

I saw the lights in the hall.

One could rough out something rather well
of course, I fully realize that I've got to find a
rhyme now for counterpoint.)

If indeed we do find how to introduce the
proper musical echo, the artists, apart from
listeners, will probably become deaf, because in an
echoless room everyone tends to overstrain
themselves.

The Bathroom Melody.

You know how everyone will sing in the
bathroom? Apart from the uplift due to the
fact of having successfully conquered one's
natural aversion to cold water, it is the acoustics
of the room that inspire one to sing as much
as anything, and the fact that the door
is locked and no one can interfere by starting
to hum or whistle another tune.

The glorious, effortless soaring
to A flat, the tap gurgling back
to one the deep basso profundo,
ably assisted by the resonant
bath make one almost think
one might face an auditorium.
Alas, the studio is more damped
than the bathroom. (That was
not bad.)

A Usual Mistake.

Finally, I have often been
asked why outside broadcasts
are louder than the studio ones.
It is echo rounding off the photo-
graphic peakness of speech, so
that a bigger overall control can
be given. Remember though
your set should be sensitive
enough to take reasonably well
the softest musical passages, and
you will then have real light and
shade. The mistake so many
make is to leave their set with
so small a factor of safety as
that, if we weaken to the
lightest degree, they hear
nothing, and then my mail is
doubled.

and I do want to

and I



THE WIRELESS WIDOW

Letters From "Listeners."

[We have a page on this page each week for the receipt of letters from the B.B.C. The points raised by the writers will be answered briefly immediately beneath each communication—Ed. R. T.]

A Plea for More Humour

DEAR SIR,—Whilst acknowledging with gratitude the splendid efforts you have put forward in the B.B.C. I beg to say that I am a little disappointed in the amount of humour in the programmes. Education on the radio is a very important thing, but having in mind the fact that who nightly revel in music had fare, I believe that if you could cater more freely in this direction, many who would thus winter bear with apathy, if at all, programmes compiled as at present, will really enjoy listening.

I am prompted to write you in this strain by the many and increasing friends who are continually complaining of the small percentage of humorous entertainment broadcast, and if you could invite a consensus of opinion at the point I believe the result would astonish you.

Yours faithfully,

London, W.

L. A. M.

[Efforts are being made to "lighten" the broadcast programmes, but humour of a type suitable for broadcasting is at present limited in quantity. Entertainers are, however, beginning to adapt themselves with considerable success to the special requirements of broadcast telephony.—Ed. R. T.]

A Word of Praise.

SIR,—Just a little note to express my appreciation of the B.B.C. to meet the tastes of a large number of the great B.P. in the provinces.

To begin with, you have faced one of the most difficult problems of modern times and there is no doubt that you have succeeded in the most earnest congratulations to you from at least me and his family. I have been connected with amateur operations for many years and thus know some of the difficulties to be encountered.

In these little provincial towns, where the chief items of amusement are prize one or two parties, the local struggle on the part of the amateur societies, and so on, is a feast of good music is appreciated.

I often remark to my friends that the best of entertainment cannot be heard under 100.000 ft. in London, and yet your good old B.B.C. scatter it far and wide for the cost of our licence and our apparatus. So I say: "Carry on. You'll take some beating, boys."

Yours sincerely

Whitstable,

F. H.

[This letter is typical of a large number received since at 2, Savoy Hill.—Ed. R. T.]

"Everybody a Chance."

SIR,—I understand that you are about to transmit on Monday evenings a special concert which will be relayed to all Home Listening Stations, which in their turn will do the same on Thursdays.

I suppose I am one amongst many who are unable to listen on Monday evenings. May I,

perhaps suggest commencing the first week on the Monday and Thursday, the next week Tuesday and Friday, the Wednesday and Saturday, and so on? This would give everybody a chance of listening to these concerts, and would, at the same time, be appreciated by those who do not care for the dance music on Saturdays.

Yours faithfully

Berkhamsted.

O. W. K.

This proposal is impracticable, as it is essential for the B.B.C. to start with definite evenings for the type of concert. Whatever system is adopted is bound to clash with the ordinary programme of a few hours. We regret this is a regrettable fact.—Ed. R. T.

Maps and Morse.

SIR,—I have a suggestion to put forward in regard to the use of Morse code in the B.B.C. programmes. I should like to see a regular feature of Morse code in the B.B.C. programmes, and I should like to see it included in the B.B.C. programmes.

I should also think it would become a very popular feature if lessons in Morse were given say for quarter of an hour once or twice a week. These could be sent out from 2LO and fill the gap between the Children's Bedtime Stories and the first News Bulletin, and would therefore not interfere with the ordinary programme.

Yours faithfully

London, N.

H. H. A.

Wireless maps are already obtainable from the publishers of wireless periodicals. It is possible that future issues of The Radio Times will contain some exercises in Morse to be used in conjunction with special transmissions.—Ed. R. T.]



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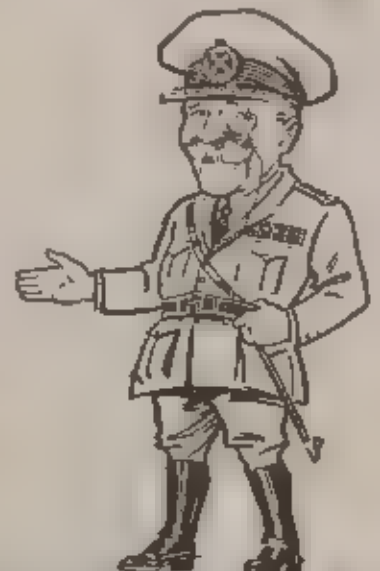
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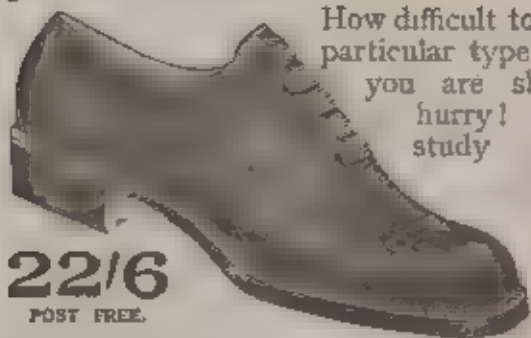
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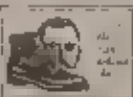
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WIRELESS PROGRAMME—SATURDAY (Oct. 20th.)

LONDON.

- 11.30—7.30 A.M. NEWS. MR. MAURICE RICHARDS Baritone.
- 7.30—WOMEN'S HOUR. GARDENING CHAT, by MRS. MARION CRAN, FRHS. In and Out of the Shops by "The Copy Cat."
- 8.15—9.15. INTERVAL.
- 9.15—10.15. TIME SIGNAL. FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST TO ALL STATIONS followed by London News and Weather Report.
- 10.15—LADY DADDELEY EX LADY MAYOR. on FLEET STREET WEEK FOR BABTS. MR. JOHN MERCHANT, President of the British Esperanto Association. "The Tangled World."
- 10.30—2.0 DANCE BAND. "Huffan Hoop's Programme by the 'ROOSTERS' (CONSTITUTIONAL GOLF AND RANGLING) on Hours Programme by the 'ROOSTERS' (CONSTITUTIONAL GOLF AND RANGLING).
- 9.15—COLONEL C. D. CRISP Mayor-elect of Lewes, Director of The Arsenal F.C., President of Middlesbrough F.A., on "The Honours of Football." S.B. from London to all Stations.
- 10.15—TIME SIGNAL. SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST TO ALL STATIONS followed by London News and Weather Report. 2.0 DANCE BAND.
- 10.30. CLOSE DOWN
ANNOUNCER G. C. HEADLE.

BIRMINGHAM.

- 11.30—7.30 A.M. NEWS. FRAS playing from Lozells Picture House.
- 5.30. LADIES' CORNER. GARDENING CHAT by MRS. MARION CRAN, FRHS. In and Out of the Shops by "The Copy Cat."
- 6.0—6.45. KIDDIES' CORNER. (a) GAMES AND PASTIMES. (b) Children's News.
- 7.0. FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST FROM LONDON followed by Midland News, giving Local Weather Report.
- 7.15.—MR. PAUL RIMMER'S ORCHESTRA playing from Lozells Picture House.
- 8.45.—MR. SYDNEY RUSSELL and PARTY of the British National Opera Company AND A DRAMATIC PARTY will give the Trial Scene from the "Merchant of Venice" (Shakespeare).
- 9.15.—COLONEL C. D. CRISP, Mayor-elect of Lewes, Director of The Arsenal F.C., President of Middlesbrough F.A., on "The Honours of Football." S.B. from London.
- 9.30.—SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST FROM LONDON, followed by Midland News giving Local Weather Report.
- 9.45.—MR. SYDNEY RUSSELL and PARTY in selected passages and scenes from Shakespeare Works.
- 10.0.—STATION ORCHESTRA.
- 10.45.—CLOSE DOWN
ANNOUNCER JOSEPH LEWIS.

MANCHESTER.

- 3.30—4.30.—FALKMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA at the Capitol Cinema, Cardiff.
- 6.0. WOMEN'S HOUR. GARDENING CHAT by MRS. MARION CRAN, FRHS. In and Out of the Shops by "The Copy Cat."
- 7.0. WEATHER FORECAST. CHILDREN'S STORIES; (a) Games and Pastimes, (b) Children's News.

- 7.0.—FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST FROM LONDON followed by South Wales News.
- 7.15. CHAT on "SPORT" by MR. W. C. SITT.
- 7.30.—POPULAR NIGHT; Vocalist, MR. ARTHUR GAY Solo Cornet, MR. WALTER C. MORTIMER.
- 8.35. SKETCH "Feed the Brute" MISS KATE SAWLE, MISS NANCY WOOD, MR. CHARLIE CHIPMUNK.
- 8.50. SONGS. (a) "Mountain Lovers" Squares; (b) "Hazel Eyes" Brown.
- 9.15.—COLONEL C. D. CRISP, Mayor-elect of Lewes, Director of The Arsenal F.C., President of Middlesbrough F.A., on "The Honours of Football." S.B. from London.
- 9.30. SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST FROM LONDON followed by South Wales News, giving Local Weather Forecast.
- 9.45.—DANCE MUSIC. THE ORCHESTRA ANNOUNCER, A. CORRIET SMITH.

GLASGOW.

- 3.30—4.30.—AN HOUR OF MELODY, BY THE WIRELESS TRIO.
- 5.0—5.30.—A TALK TO WOMEN. Gardening Chat by MRS. MARION CRAN, FRHS. In and Out of the Shops, by "The Copy Cat."
- 6.0. SPECIAL WEATHER REPORT FOR FARMERS.
- 7.0. THE FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN, S.B. from London, followed by Local News and Weather Forecast.
- 7.15. ORCHESTRA: Overture, "Kozze de Fagaro" (Mozart); MISS WINIFRED SCOTT Soprano; "Faust and Faustus in My Sinner" (Brahms); "We Wandered Once" (Brahms); ORCHESTRA: VICTORIA MALE VOICE QUARTET: "The Astrologer" (Brahms); "Pickaninny Lullaby" (J. P. Morgan); ORCHESTRA: MISS WINIFRED SCOTT Soprano; "Dreary Steps" (Grieg); "Deep in the Heart of a Rose" (London Handel); ORCHESTRA: Extracts, "April Night" (Mozart); Barcarolle (Tchaikovsky); VICTORIA MALE VOICE QUARTET; ORCHESTRA: Selections, "Phantom and Banquet" (Gounod); MISS WINIFRED SCOTT Soprano.
- 9.15.—COLONEL C. D. CRISP, Mayor-elect of Lewes, Director of The Arsenal F.C., President of Middlesbrough F.A., on "The Honours of Football." S.B. from London.
- 9.30.—SECOND NEWS BULLETIN AND THE WEATHER REPORT.
- 9.45.—ORCHESTRA: VICTORIA MALE VOICE QUARTET; ORCHESTRA.
- 10.30. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS
CLOSE DOWN
ANNOUNCER MUNG M. DEWAR.

MANCHESTER.

- 3.30.—THE PICCADILLY PICTURE HOUSE ORCHESTRA.
- 5.0. MAINLY FEMININE. Gardening Chat by MRS. MARION CRAN, FRHS. In and Out of the Shops by "The Copy Cat."

- 5.25.—FARMERS' WEATHER REPORT.
- 6.0. THE COPY CAT. In and Out of the Shops and Pastimes, (b) Children's News.
- 6.30. LANCASHIRE PICTURE HOUSE, THE PICCADILLY PICTURE HOUSE, at the Organ, MR. J. ARMITAGE.
- 7.0.—FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN BROADCAST FROM LONDON followed by South Wales News.
- 7.15.—CHAT on "SPORT" by MR. W. C. SITT.
- 7.30.—POPULAR NIGHT. Vocalist, MR. ARTHUR GAY Solo Cornet, MR. WALTER C. MORTIMER.
- 8.35. SKETCH "Feed the Brute" MISS KATE SAWLE, MISS NANCY WOOD, MR. CHARLIE CHIPMUNK.
- 8.50. SONGS. (a) "Mountain Lovers" Squares; (b) "Hazel Eyes" Brown.
- 9.15.—COLONEL C. D. CRISP, Mayor-elect of Lewes, Director of The Arsenal F.C., President of Middlesbrough F.A., on "The Honours of Football." S.B. from London.
- 9.30.—SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN, S.B. from London, followed by Manchester News, giving Local Weather Report.
- 9.45.—CONTINUATION OF DANCE MUSIC PROGRAMME.
- 10.15. MEN'S TRANSMISSION.
CLOSE DOWN
ANNOUNCER A. C. PARSONS.

NEWCASTLE.

- 3.45.—MISS FLORENCE FARRAR, Pianist. (a) "I Love the Moon" (Brahms); (b) "The Copy Cat" (M. A. C. Rosse); Clarinet Solo, MISS FLORENCE FARRAR, Pianoforte Solo, "Con. Valse" (Gouldard); MR. W. A. CROSSE, Clarinet Solo, MISS PHYLLIS RICKARD, Soprano; "Mifawny" (Pariser).
- 4.4.—WOMEN'S TRANSMISSION. (a) "The Copy Cat" (M. A. C. Rosse); (b) "The Copy Cat" (M. A. C. Rosse).
- 5.5.—CHILDREN'S TRANSMISSION. Stories by MRS. A. G. LATHAM, (a) Games and Pastimes, (b) Children's News.
- 6.0.—SCHOLARS' HALF HOUR. A Talk on Household Management, by MRS. A. G. LATHAM.
- 6.45.—FARMERS' CORNER.
- 7.0. FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN, S.B. from London, followed by Newcastle News, giving Local Weather Report.
- 7.20.—A TALK ON "BURMA," as told in London by the REV. FATHER JACKSON.
- 7.35.—THE NEWCASTLE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA. (a) Valse, "Amoretta Tanze" (Grieg); (b) Foxtrot, "Song of Persia." MR. W. A. CROSSE, Pianoforte Solo, MR. W. A. CROSSE'S TRIO. THE NEWCASTLE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA. One Step, "Broadcasting" (Strong); (b) Foxtrot, "Sun-kissed Normandy" (Meyer); (c) Valse, "Palais de Danse" (Harnet); MR. W. A. CROSSE, Pianoforte Solo, MR. W. A. CROSSE'S TRIO; (a) "Blue Sky" (M. A. C. Rosse); (b) "Andante" (Brahms); THE NEWCASTLE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA.
- 9.15.—COLONEL C. D. CRISP, Mayor-elect of Lewes, Director of The Arsenal F.C., President of Middlesbrough F.A., on "The Honours of Football." S.B. from London.
- 9.30. SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN, S.B. from London, followed by Newcastle News, giving Local Weather Report.
- 9.45. MR. W. A. CROSSE'S TRIO; (a) Donegal Air (by request) (Cathryn); (b) L. O'Donnerty Air (by request) (arr. Tertius). THE NEWCASTLE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA.
- 10.15. MEN'S TRANSMISSION.
ANNOUNCER C. K. PARSONS.

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The Acme Production Co., Ltd.,
Smethwick, Birmingham

Oh! To be an Uncle!

By the Pressman.

It is rather nice being an "uncle," but I am just a little bit jealous of them. They won't play the game. Many a time as I have tried to do a bit of uncle-ing on my own, but they won't give me a chance. They say they can't afford to employ an interpreter, who would be necessary to make me plain to the listeners.

I retort, of course, that no interpreter is needed to make them plain. Nature has done that for them! I sometimes think that if those good people who load up the "uncles" with tobacco and chocolate and other delectable expressions of goodwill were to see them, they would not be so lavish with their gifts. But perhaps they would—out of sympathy.

All the Joys.

The annoying thing about it to those deserving people like myself is that the "uncles" have all the joys of uncle-ing without any of the expense.

Now take Uncle Jack, late of Newcastle and now of Bournemouth. He left Newcastle lately, and what happened? He required a partechmion to carry away all the presentations he got. The Lord Mayor sent him a very fine letter of thanks and appreciation. Not for leaving Newcastle, mark you, but for the splendid work he had done.

The staff at Newcastle gave him a gorgeous silver-headed ebony cane. The staff also a rum cigarette-boxes and cigars, and a lot of nice things. Anonymous and other admirers presented tobacco in every shape and form upon him, being evidently under the impression that he was about to set up in business as a tobacconist.

Uncle Jack came in to see me on his way to Bournemouth, and what do you think he had he nerve to ask? A match. I gave him a match. A match is never more alone than when it is alone. He waved it ostentatiously in the air. "What am I to do with it?" said he, innocently. "Light some of your tobacco shop with it." "But I haven't any tobacco." That's just like an "uncle" as they really are.

A Well-Filled Post-bag.

But Uncle Jack had innumerable kind letters. One young dame of seventeen wanted to know if she might write to him every month and tell him her secrets, as her father and mother did not understand her. Well, well, well! But Uncle Jack's reply was a model of sound wisdom.

Amongst the letters is one from a gentleman in Sheffield, who says that the listeners there hear with great regret of his departure to Bournemouth and express their gratitude for the high standard of programmes which have been sent out from GND.

Think of what it means to Sheffield to be so near in touch with the great cities of the mainland.

Sheffield, where the crofters cannot live by the tillage of the soil but must eke out a precarious existence by fishing; where the fisher men cannot rely solely upon the harvest of the sea but must be crofters also. Sheffield, where the winds moan with reverberating sadness and the ocean as ever on the boil, where the roads are bad and harvests are late, where life is hard and comforts are few, there, amidst the northern mists—almost impenetrable in the winter fogs—the cheery voice of Uncle Jack has been heard, and the fair-haired maidens are sad that he is leaving Newcastle and hope to hear him from Bournemouth.

Yes, it is rather nice being an "uncle."

A Recent Talk Broadcast from London.

The Secret Snake Sanctuary.

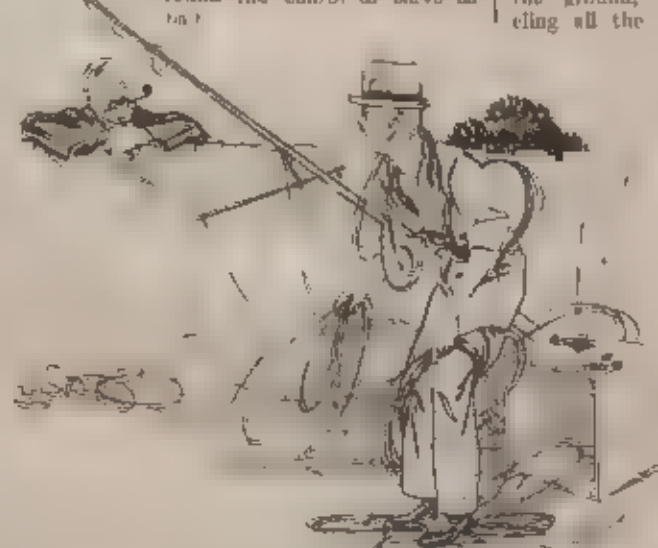
An Adventure in Ceylon. By L. Oliphant.

I WILL tell you of a snake sanctuary in Ceylon which was kept by a Sinhalese—the only man of this nationality I've ever heard of in connection with the handling of snakes.

It was not without considerable difficulty that I persuaded him to let me into his secrets and then only on condition that I did not disclose them "until the expiration of twenty years."

On our way to his "farm" he dug out a number of the round, honeycombed nests of the white ant, each nest was about the size of a cricket ball containing the queen ant, the eggs, the larvae, and swarms of live white ants. The ants he carried in a mat bag, while in another bag he carried a number of frogs and toads. He added the eggs of wild birds to his collection as we went.

When close to the farm he set some snares for birds, and dug up some putrid maggot-infested corpses of birds he had caught on his last visit. These he put in another bag, after scattering some of the maggots round the snares to serve as bait.



"FULLO, OLD MAN WIRELESS?"

The "farm" was an open space of about an acre, surrounded by scrub and jungle, strewn with boulders of rock, stones and ant-hills.

The first thing he did when we took up our position was to lay a thin stream of finely-chopped fresh wood ash in a circle round us, snakes being averse from deliberately passing over such ashes, and the snake farmer feared lest his friends might crowd round his heels too eagerly and be accidentally trodden on. I was thankful. I was wearing long riding boots.

Setting the Trap.

Warning me to keep perfectly still, and to refrain from coughing or sneezing, the Sinhalese went over to a slab rock, into a depression in which he emptied the water from a pitcher. Then taking up a large stone in both hands, he hammered the rock with it several times.

The vibration, and perhaps the sound as well, was instantly detected by every snake within a certain range, and we saw them peeping out from all sorts of places and making straight for the little pool of water on the slab rock.

Though of different kinds and sizes, they did not interfere with one another, and having refreshed themselves, they turned their attention to my native friend who, on the first appearance of the snakes, had taken of me as he

he circle of wood ash. Much to my relief he began to throw the corners of the turfs to the snakes, who quickly disposed of the maggots. Then he moved some of the white ant nests.

There was a great scramble for the contents of these nests, and more snakes kept arriving on the spot—a remarkable scene.

Smart Captures.

The Sinhalese quickly decided on three snakes he wanted—snakes they had to be, so as not to affect the supply of young ones.

The empty pitcher he tied to the end of a pole. Inside the pitcher were placed some broken-up ants' nests and birds' eggs, and as soon as the particular snake he wanted happened to be in a suitable position, it was given the chance of crawling into the pitcher to partake of the delicacies, when the pitcher was quickly raised. Even if the snake emerged, it would always stick to the upper end of the pole, and perhaps try to get higher up. The butt end of the pole was then jolted on the ground, and the snake would either cling all the tighter to the top end, or re-enter the pitcher in alarm.

Gently passing the butt end of the pole behind it until the pitcher was within reach, the man would slip a mat bag over the mouth of the pitcher, and, reversing it, shake the snake into the bag. Tie it up, and the creature was a helpless and passive prisoner. We then slipped quietly away.

Hunting Pythons.

We had not gone far when my companion pointed to a python. He would not catch this because it was a female, he said, and we went on.

The next time he pointed, I could see a python, by no means a large one, coiled round the base of a sapling quite close to a game track. The native dog and woodpecker

out a slanting hole in the ground on the game track, an arm's length deep, at the bottom of which he placed some blasting powder, with a train of powder leading away from it. In and around the hole he dropped some dried leaves. Lighting a small torch of dried bark, he proceeded gently to poke the python out of its position with a long, light pole.

The creature was loth to quit, but moved leisurely along the game track until it reached the inviting hole just made, into which it was crawling when the native fired the train of powder and a wriggling python with a blasted head was the result.

When stretched out lifeless we saw that the corpse of its latest victim (which turned out to be a moose deer) was still intact inside it.

Now what did this little Sinhalese man do with his snakes? The venom he extracted from the poison bags without hurting the snakes by the simple process of squeezing it out with a stick, "to be used in native medicines," he said. The snakes were then returned to the farm, for the venom to collect again. Pythons are non-venomous. The fat of these he rendered down into snake's grease, as an external application and embrocation for rheumatism.

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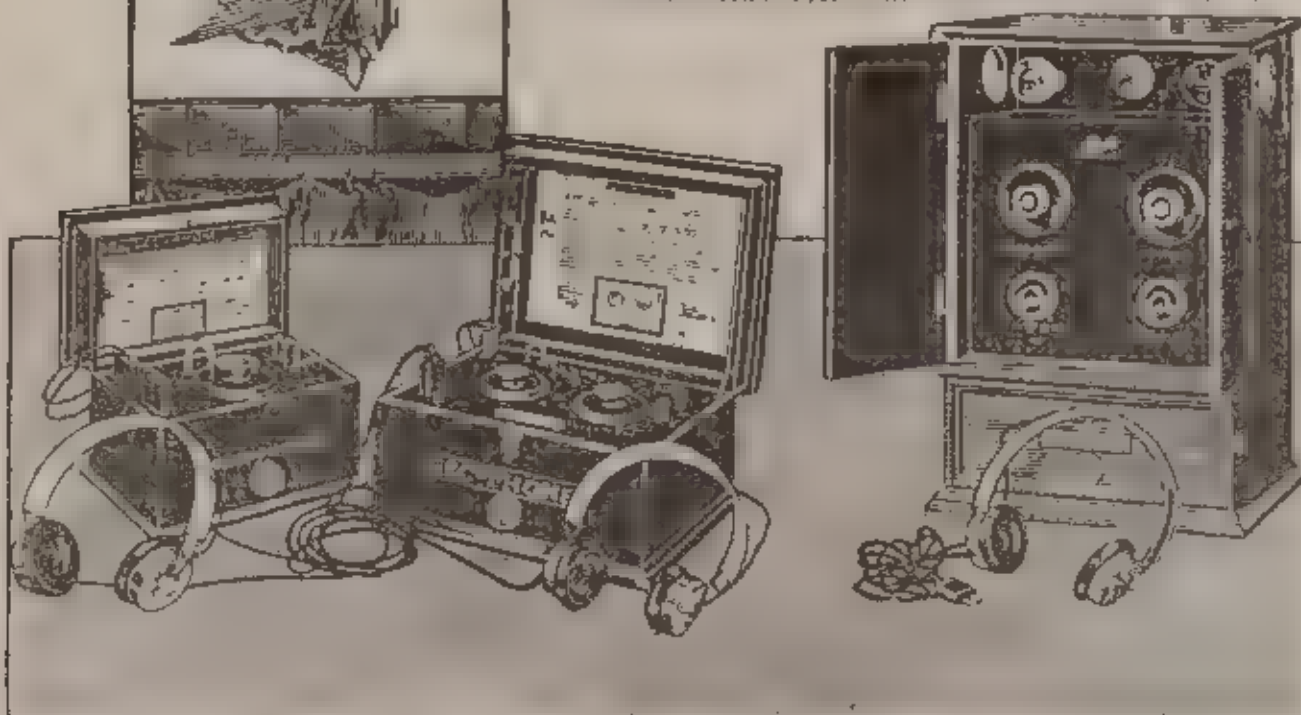


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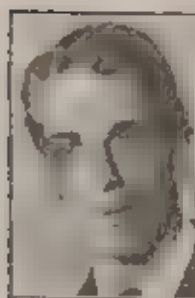
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THE CHILDREN'S CORNER A CHEERFUL CHAT.

Conducted by **UNCLE CARACTACUS.**



I SAY, children, did any of you see that terrible photo of your poor old Uncle in last week's issue of this immortal paper? Wasn't it a terror? How do you like this one? It's a little better, I think, don't you? If I read ~~happier~~ like that other photo, I should well - I mean to say - what would

I am from the programmes, that were all going to have competitions on Wednesday afternoon. I don't know what the other 'clubs' are doing, but the London 'Clubs' are going to make noises—that doesn't mean their usual sort of noises, you know, these are going to be *apocryphal* noises—and they're going to ask you to guess what the noises are. All sorts of funny noises there will be, some of them very difficult ones, like the old man who used to sit in the middle of a field making a noise like a lather-in hopes of deceiving rabbits! I can't think what that noise could have been like: can you?

Auplio Soph. c.

Such a jolly thing happened during the summer holidays to two of our nieces in the South that I'm going to tell you about it. We have an Auntie at the London Station who plays the piano beautifully—her name is Auntie Sophonia, but we call her Sophie for short. Well, one afternoon we were having a sort of competition for story-telling in music. Auntie Sophie played a little piece of music and we asked those who were listening to tell us what they thought was meant by it—if it had a story and what the music said.

In the next two or three days we had lots of replies, and we chose out the best three—they were all pieces—and asked them up to the studio to see the Uncle—for that was the prize for the best answer. Only two of them came; the third, who lived at Feltham, wrote to tell us that for a long, long time she had been ill in bed, and the only thing she could do was to listen to wireless.

One of the other nooses up at the studio happened to be going to Felinstown for her holidays, and she asked for the address of the sick niece.

Making Friends by Witches.

Soon after, I had a long letter from them both, which they had composed together down at Foxxtown. They had met and become the greatest friends—even so much that one of their brothers had been turning them into Indians with boot blacking! I'm not sure that this was quite necessary—but you see how friendly they must all have become to allow brothers to black them in this way. They were very sorry when holiday time was over, I know.

But don't you think it was a happy thing to make friends by wireless in this way? I do, and I don't see why we shouldn't have lots of other friendships made in the same way.

One of the Uncler at Glasgow evidently thinks the same thing, because he suggests having talks on hobbies such as stamp-collecting, fretwork, postcard and cigarette card albums, and things like that. Then he thinks that anyone who is interested in a certain hobby could get into touch with friends interested in the same one, by writing in to

The station and having breakfast and

It seems to me that now most of the sta-
tion members are getting in touch with
each other more and more. I know all the
U.S. will help you to do this
if you would write to them.

They love talking to you and telling you stories and if any of you want advice or help I know they will give it you in the best and kindest fashion.

Looking Ahead.

Do you know, children, I'll tell you a great secret. I am beginning to think about Christmas already. A long way off, isn't it? But, still, it is best to get the stockings all ready to hang up and think out what you are going to hope for a long while ahead. I think the Uncle Christmas presents to you will have to be extra specially jolly because, don't you? And, I say, suppose we were to have a whole evening concert for you!



MAMMA AND BABY

This pretty little lion cub was born the other day at the London Zoo. He is evidently "listening" for something.

Wouldn't that be fun? I'm sure Mommy and Daddy would let you sit up late, just once, wouldn't they?

I ~~look~~ up a programme. What could we have? Christmas stories, musical chairs, at 4. Pantomime and Judy shows, people who make ~~things~~ like animals, songs, games, riddles—oh! there are lots and lots of things, aren't there? I think we must try to fix it up.

Glasgow have got such a funny Auntie, they call her Auntie Cyclone! And one of the Uncles asks such a good riddle. He says: "Why is Glasgow so interesting to the man who tells us what the weather is going to be like?" The answer is, Because at 55C is the only Auntie Cyclone in England! In case you don't understand, wherever Auntie Cyclone is, the weather is always good. (I don't think!)

Soozie's Treasury

The Glasgow Uncles have a pet cat. Her name is "Pussie," and she seems to be a relation of Susan, the pet cat that once lived at the London station. She is pink, with blue spots, and this is what Uncle Enoch tells about her and how she became what she is:—

Most of you, of course, have already heard, or heard of, Bonnie, the handsome pink tabby with blue spots, which strolled into the Glasgow studio the other evening during the Children's Corner, and purred her happy thanks into the microphone for having at last found a home.

Poor Soosie has a very sad history. She is passionately fond of children's company and until a few short months ago she was just like other cats, being contentedly in a cosy little home out Amsterdam way with a nice warm rug on which she could stretch herself before the blazing fire, and play with Willie and her sweet little sister. She has not always been pink with blue spots. Good cats have to be. The tragedy occurred as far back as last spring cleaning, when Daddy, mounted at the top of the steps, was duster-perking the kitchen with a pink which, the tin truthfully said, "would not wash off or dim with age." What really happened no one knows, but Soosie evidently has a guilty conscience on the matter. Anyway steps and Daddy, all together, crashed to the floor in a perfect deluge of duster-per. Soosie, unfortunately, was gazing innocently towards the ceiling when the catastrophe occurred, and both she and her master were dyed a permanent pink by that horrid duster-per, which will neither "wash off nor dim with age."

Why did Edinburgh Reek? The answer to this, as the Glasgow Uncle tells me, is the same as the one to—

Why is a raven like a writing desk?
 But I'm not going to tell you, either.

Some of you up in Newcastle will be expecting to hear news of your old Station Director Mr Bertram Fryer, who has gone off to start the new station at Bournemouth. So you will be glad to hear that he is working very hard to make new programmes and intends to beat his own record in Newcastle, especially in the Children's Hour—our part of the programme.

He promised to give me a story of all that he was doing, but he has been too busy to do it yet. I expect we shall hear from him next week.

Well, I think that's all this week's news, children. Uncle Caractacus closing down until next week. Good bye. Pleasant dreams!

Quality! Quality! and yet again QUALITY!



OYEZ! OYEZ!

WHEREAS the people of our nation do eat and enjoy the good toffee of Mackintosh's in its varied forms and flavours.

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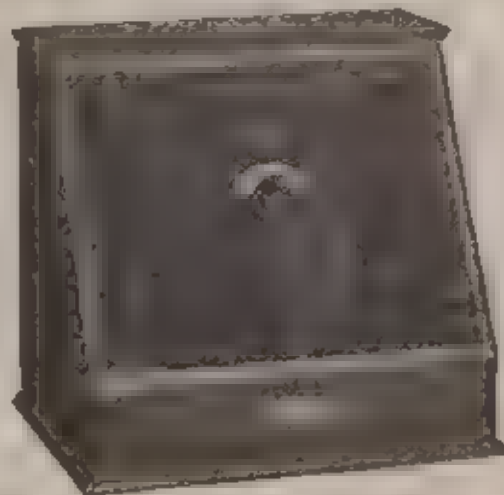
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FELLOWS

Ad. of the Fellows Myners Co. Willesden N.W.10

Lapses in Print.

A recent broadcast from London by Captain Hugh G. S. Tufts, journalistic tutor of the Meiklejohn Institute

PRINTERS' errors are proverbial, and there are many gems amongst them where the substitution of one letter for another has given a humorous or even a contrived twist to a sentence—but with the errors of authors have achieved no special fame, they are at least as numerous as those of the printer.

In writing an article, a writer is generally careful to verify any facts about which he is certainly in doubt, but where fiction is concerned many authors let themselves go with an abandon more foolish than courageous. In stories of life in the Navy or Army the crindest mistakes may be found, and true matters are wrong nearly as often as they are right. In a recent issue a young died and the title passed to the young brother; as the plot was intimately connected with the inheritance the whole story became absolute nonsense. Yet the author is fairly well known.

Editorial Work

Some errors are due to sheer carelessness. I remember a short story in which hero and heroine plighted their troth as the setting sun sank below the distant horizon of the sea. So far so good, but as the scene was Yarmouth the sun on that particular evening must have set almost due east. To make it worse, the writer let himself go in a vivid word picture about the slowly winking orb of day.

"Write about what you know," is a good rule for a budding author yet it is one broken continually, even by experienced writers. A famous case is that of the young lady born and brought up in the sunny island of Barbadoes who wrote a story of fashionable life in London. Desiring to locate with precision the residence of a wicked earl, she committed herself to the statement that he lived in a noble mansion near the church.

The story did not receive the honour of print, for the editor, one of those horrid screamer-men, returned it, writing below the rejection slip, "There are two churches in London, and you should have indicated which one you meant."

Men are just as likely to blunder when dealing with the subtle matter of feminine attire. In younger days I permitted a heroine to meet her lover in a tulle tea-gown, ignorant that even to-day this material would be considered too diaphanous for the purpose.

"Ferry Boat Feet."

Mistakes, and especially grammatical slips, are, when noticed, corrected in an editorial office, and if not noticed—for even Homer nods—hundreds of writers meanly put the blame on the printer, who is unable to deny the impeachment. The printer should never be blamed for a mistake which gets into print, for the editor and compositor are solely responsible for what appears in a paper. But with all possible care it is astonishing how many printers' errors pass uncorrected through the press.

A classic instance comes from America and goes back to the days when every man bristled with pistols and was ready to let them off on the slenderest of excuses. The story is that a young buck sent a description of his sweetheart's successful appearance at a local dance to the *Dashville Bugle*, ending with the fine phrase—"her feet seemed to be encased in fairy boots." By an unfortunate lapse the newspaper printed—"her feet seemed to be encased in ferry boots." Only by abrupt apology did the editor save himself from being performed like a

Empire Wireless.

Activities in the Colonies.

THE great interest shown in wireless all over the British Empire is to have gratifying results in the near future.

Australia particularly, is in the van of progress. Next year, at Sydney, a broadcasting station, costing nearly half a million pounds, will be erected. It will connect with London, and will double the present cable rates. This will be amply followed by a direct wireless service coupling Australia with Africa, North and South America, and many places in Europe and Asia.

In fact, said the managing director of a big Australian Wireless Company recently, "the world will be a much smaller place when the central station is in place."

Irish Enterprise.

The Sydney Station will be one of the best equipped in the Colonies, and will allow of reception from five different stations simultaneously. The broadcasting of news and entertainments will be made a great feature.

In South Africa things are moving rapidly. Steps are being taken for the Durban Municipality to establish a broadcasting station by the end of this year. South African listeners are to be licensed for an annual payment of five shillings.

The interest in wireless is also gaining steadily in Canada, and a new station is shortly to be erected in that country.

Nearer home a broadcasting company in Ireland will be established very shortly. This station will be either in or near Dublin, seven miles from the coast, and will be the result of negotiations with the Free State Post Office.

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Concert. G.M.T.

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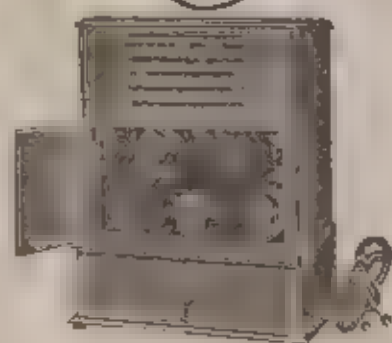
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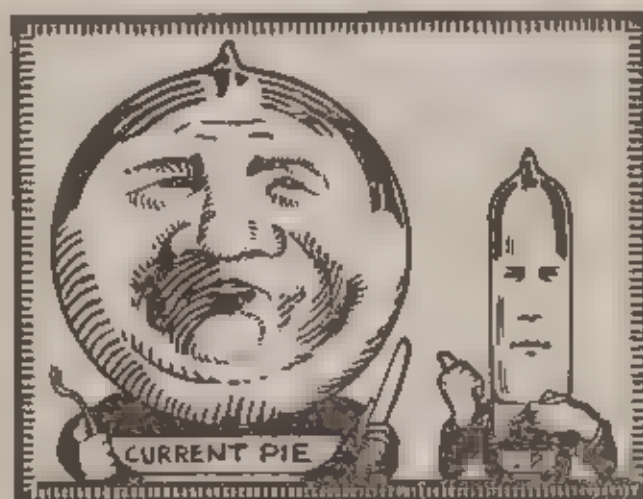
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HULLO! PARNASSUS CALLING!

Another Symposium from the Shades. By A. B. Cooper.

THE other night I had been assiduously listening to a number of star turns by radio, and, among the number, to a famous elocutionist, who gave us extracts from the English classics. Naturally, this performance brought vividly back to my mind my own strange hallucination or experience—who shall say which?—retailed in this paper last week, and I sat ruminating long after the reciter's fine voice had ceased.

Then I heard the usual "Good night," but as though it came from an infinite distance, not, as it usually sounded, however far off it really was, as if spoken in my ear. Then, whether from sheer laziness or because I was comfortably drowsy in my arm-chair by the fire, where I always sit to enjoy an evening's radio entertainment, I omitted to remove my head-gear.

"Hullo! Hullo! Parnassus calling."

The Wizard of the North.

"Great Scott!" I said aloud, sitting up and taking notice, and, sure enough, believe me or not, it WAS. And the old boy was in very decent form too, considering that he must be getting on now. But you would have known "Marmion" anywhere. You know—"Now runny-tummy-tweedle-dee, And tummy-rumty, yes, I see." Well, it was just like that. Went on its own, as it were—so hanging about, but getting on with the job. I noticed, *en passant*, that Sir Walter had not lost a bit of his frolic. Parnassus had not spoiled him.

At night it is a pleasant thing
To hear a Prima Donna sing,
And catch along the viewless wires
The chorus of celestial choirs;
Although the wind goes whistling by,
Within you're snug and warm as pie;
E'en though without is fust and din,
Oblivious you listen in;
You hear a voice explaining laws
Of Science, followed by applause,
A voice, I wot, of clapping hands,
Followed, perchance, by muffled brass bands,
Or music of the violin.
No fiddle seen 'neath gripping chin;
Or forecast of to-morrow's weather,
Rain, hail, and snow all mixed together,
The kind of weather which, I wot,
In Glen Morce is called Scotch Mist,
Which, when accompanied by fog,
Is neither good for man nor dog,
O Scotia, my . . .

The Gentle Elia.

The Wizard of the North seemed to be just warming to his work when another voice broke in. Though I was puzzled at first to guess to whom it belonged, I could not be long in doubt. The authentic manner of the gentle Elia was too apparent to deceive me long.

I deny not that a wireless concert may be something vastly lulling and agreeable, though, *mirabile dictu*, it has never been my happy lot to sit at the receipt of music under such comfortable conditions. Yet I can imagine with what a tremulous titillation music from the spheres, as it were, makes the insinuating approach to the gate of the sensations. Even when the music-makers are visible, and the instruments of music, the oboe, the ophicleide, the flageolet and the bassoon, with their strange convolutions and esotericness, raise no speculative thoughts as to whence the music comes or how issues, music is delightful. But how much more is it delectable when it is *Vas et proceras nitid*, when it is, as the poet of my own time avers

Like a Poet hidden

In the light of thought,

Singing songs unbidden . . .

when it is a detached joy, a stream without a

source, unaccompanied by any outward or visible sign as a hermit at his prayers. I can imagine this new toy, which is so much more than a toy, so delectable that one might wish to spend all one's days and nights without sleep, yes, even whole years just with one's instrument attuned to catch all melodies, contemplations, fantastical meditations, poets' dreams and dreamers' fancies, one and all winding and rewinding themselves as so many clocks, tick-ticking, without cessation, in the listener's ears, until at last the invisible becomes more real than the visible—as indeed it is.

Rabbie Burns.

After a tense pause, during which I longed intensely for Charles Lamb to continue, I was just about to take off my head-gear, in disgust at the brevity of his communication, when I thought that again I caught a hint like the drone with which the bag-pipes get the tune started. Now, my many excellent Scottish friends have often discoursed, in my presence, with evident pride, of "A Nicht wi' Burns," which consisted of speeches about Burns, readings from Burns, potatoes like Burns, etc., but now I felt I could crow over them, as they so often and so shrilly had crowded over me in the past. Here, I made sure, was the Poet

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PROGRAMME OF OFFICIAL OPENING,

Wednesday, October 17th.

- 8.0.—BOURNEMOUTH MUNICIPAL MILITARY BAND. Conducted by CAPTAIN W. FEATHERSTONE, M.V.O.
- 8.30.—THE ORIANA SINGERS.
- 8.45.—OPENING ADDRESS BY THE MAYOR OF BOURNEMOUTH (ALDERMAN C. H. CARTWRIGHT) introduced by MR. J. C. W. REITH (GENERAL MANAGER of the B.B.C.).
- 8.55.—BOURNEMOUTH WIRELESS ORCHESTRA.
- 9.0.—ADDRESS BY VISCOUNT BURNHAM, C.H., introduced by LORD GAINFORD (Chairman of the B.B.C.).
- 9.10.—BOURNEMOUTH WIRELESS ORCHESTRA.
- 9.20.—ADDRESS BY SIR DAN GODFREY, Hon. R.A.M., L.R.A.M., Director of Music to Corporation of Bournemouth, on "Broadcasting and Music."
- 9.30.—NEWS BULLETIN. S.B. from London.
- 9.45.—THE ORIANA SINGERS.
- 9.55.—BOURNEMOUTH MUNICIPAL MILITARY BAND.
- 10.15.—BOURNEMOUTH WIRELESS ORCHESTRA.
- 10.30.—CLOSE DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: A. R. BURROWS.

Himself, of Immortal Memory, the Crowning Figure in the Land o' Cakes an' Whusky, actually "calling" me from the topmost peak of Parnassus, where he has long sat crowned with immortal glory.

November chill wi' angry rough blaws loud,

The cold, short winter day is past and gone,
But there's na thing's worth twice its weight
in gowd

A thing that angels e'en might smile upon,
And make me greet, amais, that I am gone;
For on your sin clean hearthstane you may sit,

Your wee things prattling all about your knee,
And, while the flames mak' glaistly shadows flit,
You'll haply lose in joy your pain an' misery.

For ensyne Melba's golden strains you hear,
Or Butta's or Tubb's resonating notes,
perchance,

Or it may be you shed a silent tear,

Or it may be you feel you want to dance,
And whiles you laugh at some old strange
romance;

But when the Preacher speaks of things above,
Your heart goes out in worship and in praise,
Your bairns you tak' inl' your arms of love,
And think to-morrow morn ye'll mend you're
wanderin' ways.

Poor Rabbie! He was always pointing a moral and failing to apply it; but he was "a man for a' that," one of the Best, and neither Scotland nor mankind may ever look upon his like again. But what's this? "I have a little Radio friend—"

I have a little Radio friend who tells me tales
at night,
And though I cannot see him, yet I know he's
quite all right;

He is very, very funny, and I think he must
be nice,

Because he tells no chestnuts, nor the same old
story twice.

The funniest thing about him is the way he
says: "Hullo!"

I cannot see him coming; so, that's just to let me
know

He's calling over houses, churches, shops and
streets and trams,

And telling 'bout Red-Riding-Hoods an' Mary's-
Little-Lambs.

He has a luvly notion of what children like
the best;

Not nasty nightmare things that creep an'
sit down on your chest,

But tales about nice little girls wot do wot
mothers say,

And boys wot hop the wag from school (Huv
Dreftul!) ev'ry day.

Or boys who very early rise, before the sun has
risen,

To steal the jam, and though, of course, they
don't get sent to prison,

Yet, all the same, they're punished, 'cause they
get such awful pain,

That in their agony they vow ne'er to steal
JAM again.

I was glad to get some more verses from
R.L.S. though, perhaps, they would fail to
rank among his best.

Dear old Cooper!

Another voice, and withal a faint and gentle
one, as of one who sits in slippers ease before
his glowing fire and talks to himself:—

Now stir the fire, and close the draughty door,
Tuck tight the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the electric kettle on the hearth
Ejects its steaming columns, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
We all will sit around and listen in.

We'll hear the latest operatic stars
Sing to the piazetta of a crowded house,

The soaring tenor and the deep-toned bass,
Madame Stacato on her topmost note,

And all as plain as if in box or stall
We sat in evening dress among the best.

Perchance some modern Garrick of the stage
Will give Othello's grief or Hamlet's scorn,

Some scientific Don from Isis' bank
Tell us the latest news of Saturn's Rings,

Or some bold pulpiteer of world renown
Give us a sermon he has learned by rote.

Then—welcome news—there comes upon
his heels

A story-teller of the olden time,
Who tells us legends of King Arthur's court,

And fairy lore so dear to infant hearts,
For lips have language now not for the few,

And song, forgetting bonds of time and space,
Broadcasts itself, like seed by sower sown,

And fertilises all the world-wide field.
Dear old Cooper! . . .

What! It can't be. One-thirty! Is that you,
my dear? Yes, you're right. I must have
fallen asleep. I'm coming!

OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINIONS.

Sea-Water As Aerial.

THE French Navy Bureau of Research has been experimenting to find out whether a jet of seawater, projected high into the air, can be used as a wireless aerial. The water was drawn from the sea and shot vertically upwards by means of the ship's pumps, and the column of water was connected to the radio apparatus in lieu of the ordinary aerial. Used in this way, transmission was effected over a distance of about eight miles.

This water-jet is much less efficient than the metal aerial, and it is not contemplated to substitute it for regular use. The purpose of the experiments is to find some form of substitute which could be used in an emergency—for example, when the ordinary antenna had been shot away.—*Wireless Review*.

Broadcasting Shakespeare.

"TO me, and probably to many others, the greatest and most pleasing thing about Shakespeare has always been the beauty of his words and phrases. Therein, I think, lies the great value of broadcasting.

"To true lovers of Shakespeare listening should appeal, for there is neither acting, scenery, nor any of the numerous interruptions of the theatre to distract from full enjoyment of the wonderful speeches and the sentences with which every play of Shakespeare abounds. I far prefer to sit with eyes closed, to hear the words spoken, and imagine the scenery for myself."—*Miss Cathleen Keenan* in "*Popular Wireless*."

Landlords and Wireless.

PROBABLY every new development in civilization, in its early stages, has to combat unintelligent and absurd opposition from some sources. There is again a section of the community which is always on the look out for an opportunity to take advantage of any new developments to benefit themselves financially at the expense of others. Most certainly, wireless is no exception to this rule. In the days before broadcasting and the boom in the popularity of wireless, no one ever thought of seeking a landlord's permission before installing wireless, nor, to the best of our knowledge, did landlords ever raise objection when they learnt that an installation had been put up. There was then, as now, of course, the necessity, when putting up an aerial, to have due regard to the structure of the premises on which it was erected, and any damage done would, of course, have to be made good at the expense of the tenant who put up the aerial; that is a matter which applies in the case of any fixture to a building if damage should ensue.

This new attitude of landlords and property owners generally towards wireless has only arisen since the subject became so popular, but now one hears complaints on all sides of persons who, in some cases, are prohibited from erecting aerials, and in others are charged a sum which is out of all proportion to the risk of damage, particularly when it is remembered that any damage must be put right by the tenant.

It is difficult to understand by what right a landlord can refuse permission to a tenant to instal wireless, provided that every precaution is taken that the structure of the building shall not be damaged.—*The Wireless World*.

Plants That Broadcast.

A RADIO set, so delicately tuned that it records the presence of diseases, the feelings of a plant when a leaf is torn, and similar phenomena, is the property of Dr.

Albert Abrams, of San Francisco, and is called the Reflexophone. The antenna is a delicate-looking rod and the apparatus includes a loudspeaker. A number of tests were made, in one of which Dr. Abrams tore the leaf of a nasturtium, whereupon the instrument recorded a faint squeak. Then a leaf was cut; this apparently did not hurt, for no sound was evolved. Another leaf was first held over a chloroform bottle, then torn, and then cut, again without any sound being registered by the loud speaker.

According to Dr. Abrams, plants broadcast radio-waves; the Reflexophone catches the vibrations from the ether and records them by means of an exceedingly delicate method of tuning. Chloroform influences plants much as it influences human beings, hence the lack of response when the plant had been chloroformed first.—*The Broadcaster*.

Wireless versus Books.

THE educational value of wireless is so apparent that we must expect the next generation to possess an all-round knowledge which we have never attained. We have talks and lectures on a great variety of subjects—music, literature, art and science—and although many of us would not take the trouble to read the written article, we are often constrained to listen when the words come uninvited to our ears.

As an educational medium wireless is much pleasanter than dry, laborious text-books.—*Wireless Weekly*.

A Brilliant Inspiration.

TWO anglers set out for a seaside resort for a day on the fishing grounds. One of them brought his wireless set, so that a little music might enliven the time spent waiting for bites. They rigged up an aerial by means of the oars and a boat hook, then the owner cried: "Great Scott! What are we to do for an earth?"

"Oh, that's all right," said the other, "I thought you'd forget about it, so I filled the bait tin with sand."—*Amateur Wireless*.

Practical, Not Sensational.

WHATEVER new inventions may come along (and the man who is clever enough to describe future inventions is usually sufficiently clever to invent them for himself), the greatest use of radio in future warfare will be in the organization and elaboration of communications everywhere. Secrecy and immunity from disturbance will doubtless be obtained by strictly directional transmissions and reception, together with a possible use simultaneously of several wave-lengths, so that unless the receiver is tuned to them all, nothing whatever will be received.

The deciphering of enemy messages will thus be so difficult a matter as to tax the ingenuity of the greatest experts, for the mathematical chances of an investigator lighting upon the correct combination, directions and other variable factors will be exceedingly small, and before the chance of deciphering has arrived, new changes can be introduced.

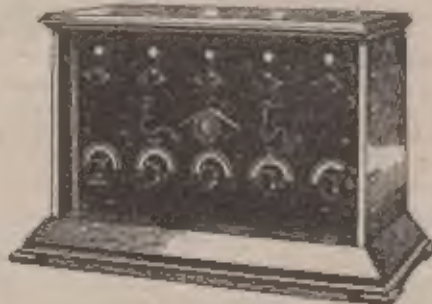
At present, whatever wave-length is being used, a search on all waves is a comparatively simple matter, while the use of multi-valve amplifiers enables us even now to listen to weak signals over incredible distances. Finally, we are inclined to think that the uses of wireless will be far less sensational and far more practical than is usually predicted. Such is generally the case in warfare.—*Modern Wireless*.



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